A

CONCISE AND GENUINE

ACCOUNT

OF THE

DISPUTE

BETWEEN

Mr. HUME and Mr. ROUSSEAU:

WITH THE

LETTERS

That paſſed between them during their CONTROVERSY.

ALSO

The LETTERS of the Hon. Mr. WALPOLE, and Mr. D'ALEMBERT, relative to this extraordinary Affair.

Tranſlated from the French.

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M DCC LXVI.

ADVERTISEMENT

Of the French Editors.

THE name and writings of Mr. Hume have been long ſince well known throughout Europe. At the ſame time, his perſonal acquaintance have remarked, in the candour and ſimplicity of his manners, that impartiality and ingenuouſneſs of diſpoſition which diſtinguiſhes his character, and is ſufficiently indicated in his writings.

He hath exerted thoſe great talents he received from nature, and the acquiſitions he made by ſtudy, in the ſearch of truth, and promoting the good of mankind: never waſting his time, or ſacrificing his repoſe, in literary or perſonal diſputes. He hath ſeen his writings frequently cenſured with bitterneſs, by fanaticiſm, ignorance, and the ſpirit of party, without ever giving an anſwer to his adverſaries.

Even thoſe who have attacked his works with the greateſt violence, have always reſpected his perſonal character. His love of peace is ſo well known, that the criticiſms written againſt his pieces, have been often

brought him by their reſpective authors, for him to reviſe and correct them. At one time, in particular, a performance of this kind was ſhewn to him; in which he had been treated in a very rude and even injurious manner; on remarking which to the author, the latter ſtruck out the exceptionable paſſages; bluſhing, and wondering at the force of that *polemic ſpirit* which had carried him imperceptibly away beyond the bounds of truth and decency.

It was with great reluctance that a man, poſſeſſed of ſuch pacific diſpoſitions, could be brought to conſent to the publication of the following piece. He was very ſenſible that the quarrels among men of letters are a ſcandal to philoſophy; nor was any perſon in the world leſs formed for giving occaſion to a ſcandal, ſo conſolatory to blockheads. But the circumſtances were ſuch as to draw him into it, in ſpite of his inclinations.

All the world knows that Mr. Rouſſeau, proſcribed in almoſt every country where he reſided, determined at length to take refuge in England; and that Mr. Hume, affected by his ſituation, and his misfortunes, undertook to bring him over, and to provide for him a peaceful, ſafe, and convenient aſylum. But very few perſons are privy to the zeal, activity, and even delicacy, with which Mr. Hume conferred this act of benevolence; what an affectionate

attachment he had contracted for this new friend, which humanity had given him; with what addreſs he endeavoured to anticipate his deſires, without offending his pride; in ſhort, with what addreſs he ſtrove to juſtify, in the eyes of others, the ſingularities of Mr. Rouſſeau, and to defend his character againſt thoſe who were not diſpoſed to think ſo favourably of him as he did himſelf.

Even at the time when Mr. Hume was employed in doing Mr. Rouſſeau the moſt eſſential ſervice, he received from him the moſt inſolent and abuſive letter. The more ſuch a ſtroke was unexpected, the more it was cruel and affecting. Mr. Hume wrote an account of this extraordinary adventure to his friends at Paris; and expreſſed himſelf in his letters with all that indignation which ſo ſtrange a proceeding muſt excite. He thought himſelf under no obligation to keep terms with a man, who, after having received from him the moſt certain and conſtant marks of friendſhip, could reproach him, without any reaſon, as falſe, treacherous, and as the moſt wicked of mankind.

In the mean time, the diſpute between theſe two celebrated perſonages did not fail to make a noiſe. The complaints of Mr. Hume ſoon came to the knowlege of the public; which at firſt hardly believed it poſ-

ſible

ſible that Mr. Rouſſeau could be guilty of that exceſſive ingratitude laid to his charge. Even Mr. Hume's friends were fearful, leſt, in the firſt effuſions of ſenſibility, he was not carried too far, and had not miſtaken for wilful crimes of the heart, the vagaries of the imagination, or the deceptions of the underſtanding. He judged it neceſſary, therefore, to explain the affair, by writing a preciſe narrative of all that paſſed between him and Mr. Rouſſeau, from their firſt connection to their rupture. This narrative he ſent to his friends; ſome of whom adviſed him to print it; alledging, that as Mr. Rouſſeau's accuſations were become public, the proofs of his juſtification ought to be ſo too. Mr. Hume did not give into theſe arguments, chooſing rather to run the riſk of being unjuſtly cenſured, than to reſolve on making himſelf a public party in an affair, ſo contrary to his diſpoſition and character. A new incident, however, at length overcame his reluctance. Mr. Rouſſeau had addreſſed a letter to a bookſeller at Paris; in which he directly accuſes Mr. Hume of having entered into a league with his enemies, to betray and defame him; and in which he boldly defies Mr. Hume to print the papers he had in his hands. This letter was communicated to ſeveral perſons in Paris, was tranſlated into Engliſh, and the tranſla-

tranſlation printed in the public papers in London. An accuſation and defiance ſo very public could not be ſuffered to paſs without reply; while any long ſilence on the part of Mr. Hume might have been interpreted little in his favour.

Beſides, the news of this diſpute had ſpread itſelf over Europe, and the opinions entertained of it were various. It had doubtleſs been much happier, if the whole affair had been buried in oblivion, and remained a profound ſecret: but as it was impoſſible to prevent the public intereſting itſelf in the controverſy, it became neceſſary at leaſt that the truth of the matter ſhould be known. Mr. Hume's friends unitedly repreſented to him all theſe reaſons; the force of which he was at length convinced of; and ſeeing the neceſſity, conſented, though with reluctance, to the printing of his memorial.

The narrative, and notes, are tranſlated from the Engliſh *. The letters of Mr. Rouſſeau, which ſerve as authentic proofs of the facts, are exact copies of the originals †.

This

* And are now re-tranſlated, for the moſt part, from the French; the French editors having taken ſome liberties, not without Mr. Hume's conſent, with the Engliſh original. *Engliſh tranſlator.*

† In the preſent edition Mr. Hume's letters are printed *verbatim*; and to Mr. Rouſſeau's the tranſlator hath

This pamphlet contains many ſtrange inſtances of ſingularity, that will appear extraordinary enough to thoſe who will give themſelves the trouble to peruſe it. Thoſe who do not chuſe to take that trouble, however, may poſſibly do better; as its contents are of little importance, except to thoſe who are immediately intereſted.

On the whole, Mr. Hume, in offering to the public the genuine pieces of his trial, has authoriſed us to declare, that he will never take up the pen again on the ſubject. Mr. Rouſſeau indeed may return to the charge; he may produce ſuppoſitions, miſconſtructions, inferences, and new declamations; he may create and realize new phantoms, and envelop them in the clouds of his rhetoric; he will meet with no more contradiction. The facts are all laid before the public *: and Mr. Hume ſubmits his cauſe to the determination of every man of ſenſe and probity.

hath endeavoured to do juſtice, as well with regard to the ſenſe as the expreſſion. Not that he can flatter himſelf with having always ſucceeded in the latter. He has taken the liberty alſo to add a note or two, regarding ſome particular circumſtances which had come to his knowlege.

* The original letters of both parties will be lodged in the Britiſh Muſeum; on account of the above mentioned defiance of Mr. Rouſſeau, and his ſubſequent inſinuation that if they ſhould be publiſhed, they would be falſified.

AN

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN Mr. HUME and Mr. ROUSSEAU.

Auguſt 1, 1766.

MY connection with Mr. Rouſſeau began in 1762, when the Parliament of Paris had iſſued an arret for apprehending him, on account of his *Emilius*. I was at that time at Edinburgh. A perſon of great worth wrote to me from Paris, that Mr. Rouſſeau intended to ſeek an aſylum in England, and deſired I would do him all the good offices in my power. As I conceived Mr. Rouſſeau had actually put his deſign in execution, I wrote to ſeveral of my friends in London, recommending this celebrated exile to their favour. I wrote alſo immediately to Mr. Rouſſeau himſelf; aſſuring

him of my deſire to oblige, and readineſs to ſerve him. At the ſame time, I invited him to come to Edinburgh, if the ſituation would be agreeable, and offered him a retreat in my own houſe, ſo long as he ſhould pleaſe to partake of it. There needed no other motive to excite me to this act of humanity, than the idea given me of Mr. Rouſſeau's perſonal character, by the friend who had recommended him, his well-known genius and abilities, and above all, his misfortunes; the very cauſe of which was an additional reaſon to intereſt me in his favour. The following is the anſwer I received.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Motiers-Travers, Feb. 19, 1763.

SIR,

I DID not receive till lately, and at this place, the letter you did me the honour to direct to me at London, the 2d of July laſt, on the ſuppoſition that I was then arrived at that capital. I ſhould doubtleſs have made choice of a retreat in your country, and as near as poſſible to yourſelf, if I had foreſeen what a reception I was to meet with in my own. No other nation could claim a preference to England. And this

prepoſſeſſion, for which I have dearly ſuffered, was at that time too natural not to be very excuſable; but to my great aſtoniſhment, as well as that of the public, I have met with nothing but affronts and inſults, where I hoped to have found conſolation at leaſt, if not gratitude. How many reaſons have I not to regret the want of that aſylum and philoſophical hoſpitality I ſhould have found with you! My misfortunes indeed have conſtantly ſeemed to lead me in a manner that way. The protection and kindneſs of my Lord Marſhal, your worthy and illuſtrious countryman, hath brought Scotland home to me, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, in the midſt of Switzerland; he hath made you ſo often bear a part in our converſation, hath brought me ſo well acquainted with your virtues, which I before was only with your talents, that he inſpired me with the moſt tender friendſhip for you, and the moſt ardent deſire of obtaining yours, before I even knew you were diſpoſed to grant it. Judge then of the pleaſure I feel, at finding this inclination reciprocal. No, Sir, I ſhould pay your merit but half its due, if it were the ſubject only of my admiration. Your great impartiality, together with your amazing penetration and genius, would lift you far above the reſt of mankind, if you were leſs attached to them by the goodneſs

of your heart. My Lord Marſhal, in acquainting me that the amiableneſs of your diſpoſition was ſtill greater than the ſublimity of your genius, rendered a correſpondence with you every day more deſirable, and cheriſhed in me thoſe wiſhes which he inſpired, of ending my days near you. Oh, Sir, that a better ſtate of health, and more convenient circumſtances, would but enable me to take ſuch a journey in the manner I could like! Could I but hope to ſee you and my Lord Marſhal one day ſettled in your own country; which ſhould for ever after be mine; I ſhould be thankful, in ſuch a ſociety, for the very misfortunes that led me into it, and ſhould account the day of its commencement as the firſt of my life. Would to Heaven I might live to ſee that happy day, though now more to be deſired than expected! With what tranſports ſhould I not exclaim, on ſetting foot in that happy country which gave birth to David Hume and the Lord Marſhal of Scotland!

Salve, facis mihi debita tellus!
Hæc domus, hæc patria eſt.

J. J. R.

This letter is not publiſhed from a motive of vanity; as will be ſeen preſently, when I give the reader a recantation of all the eulogies it contains; but only to compleat the courſe

courſe of our correſpondence, and to ſhew that I have been long ſince diſpoſed to Mr. Rouſſeau's ſervice.

From this time our correſpondence entirely ceaſed, till about the middle of laſt autumn (1765;) when it was renewed by the following accident. A certain lady of Mr. Rouſſeau's acquaintance, being on a journey to one of the French provinces, bordering on Switzerland, had taken that opportunity of paying a viſit to our ſolitary philoſopher, in his retreat at Motiers-Travers. To this lady he complained, that his ſituation in Newfchatel was become extremely diſagreeable, as well on account of the ſuperſtition of the people, as the reſentment of the clergy; and that he was afraid he ſhould ſhortly be under the neceſſity of ſeeking an aſylum elſewhere; in which caſe, England appeared to him, from the nature of its laws and government, to be the only place to which he could retire with perfect ſecurity; adding, that my Lord Marſhal, his former protector, had adviſed him to put himſelf under my protection (that was the term he was pleaſed to make uſe of) and that he would accordingly addreſs himſelf to me, if he thought it would not be giving me too much trouble.

I was at that time charged with the affairs of England at the court of France;

but as I had the proſpect of ſoon returning to London, I could not reject a propoſal made to me under ſuch circumſtances, by a man ſo celebrated for his genius and misfortunes. As ſoon as I was thus informed, therefore, of the ſituation and intentions of Mr. Rouſſeau, I wrote to him, making him an offer of my ſervices; to which he returned the following anſwer.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Straſbourg, Dec. 4, 1765.

SIR,

YOUR goodneſs affects me as much as it does me honour. The beſt reply I can make to your offers is to accept them, which I do. I ſhall ſet out in five or ſix days to throw myſelf into your arms. Such is the advice of my Lord Marſhal, my protector, friend and father; it is the advice alſo of Madam *** † whoſe good ſenſe and benevolence ſerve equally for my direction

† The perſon here mentioned deſired her name might be ſuppreſſed. *French Editor.*

As the motive to the ſuppreſſion of the lady's name can hardly be ſuppoſed to extend to this country, the *Engliſh tranſlator* takes the liberty to mention the name of the Marchioneſs de Verdelin.

and

and conſolation; in fine, I may ſay it is the advice of my own heart, which takes a pleaſure in being indebted to the moſt illuſtrious of my contemporaries, to a man whoſe goodneſs ſurpaſſes his glory. I ſigh after a ſolitary and free retirement, wherein I might finiſh my days in peace. If this be procured me by means of your benevolent ſolicitude, I ſhall then enjoy at once the pleaſure of the only bleſſing my heart deſires, and alſo that of being indebted for it to you. I am, Sir, with all my heart, &c.

J. J. R.

Not that I had deferred till this time my endeavours to be uſeful to Mr. Rouſſeau. The following letter was communicated to me by Mr. Clairaut, ſome weeks before his death.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. CLAIRAUT.

Motiers-Travers, March 3, 1765.

SIR,

THE remembrance of your former kindneſs, induces me to be again importunate. It is to deſire you will be ſo good, for the ſecond time, to be the cenſor of one of my performances. It is a very paltry rhap-

ſody, which I compiled many years ago, under the title of *A Muſical Dictionary*, and am now obliged to republiſh it for ſubſiſtence. Amidſt the torrent of misfortunes that overwhelm me, I am not in a ſituation to review the work; which, I know, is full of overſights and miſtakes. If any intereſt you may take in the lot of the moſt unfortunate of mankind, ſhould induce you to beſtow a little more attention on his work than on that of another, I ſhould be extremely obliged to you, if you would take the trouble to correct ſuch errors as you may meet with in the peruſal. To point them out, without correcting them, would be doing nothing, for I am abſolutely incapable of paying the leaſt attention to ſuch a work; ſo that if you would but condeſcend to alter, add, retrench, and in ſhort uſe it as you would do your own, you would do a very great charity, for which I ſhould be extremely thankful. Accept, Sir, my moſt humble excuſes and ſalutations.

J. J. R.

It is with reluctance I ſay it, but I am compelled to it; I now know of a certainty that this affectation of extreme poverty and diſtreſs was a mere pretence, a petty kind of impoſture which Mr. Rouſſeau ſucceſsfully employed to excite the compaſſion of the public;

public; but I was then very far from ſuſpecting any ſuch artifice. I muſt own, I felt on this occaſion an emotion of pity, mixed with indignation, to think a man of letters of ſuch eminent merit, ſhould be reduced, in ſpite of the ſimplicity of his manner of living, to ſuch extreme indigence; and that this unhappy ſtate ſhould be rendered more intolerable by ſickneſs, by the approach of old age, and the implacable rage of perſecution. I knew that many perſons imputed the wretchedneſs of Mr. Rouſſeau to his exceſſive pride, which induced him to refuſe the aſſiſtance of his friends; but I thought this fault, if it were a fault, was a very reſpectable one. Too many men of letters have debaſed their character in ſtooping ſo low as to ſolicit the aſſiſtance of perſons of wealth or power, unworthy of affording them protection; and I conceived that a noble pride, even though carried to exceſs, merited ſome indulgence in a man of genius, who, borne up by a ſenſe of his own ſuperiority and a love of independence, ſhould have braved the ſtorms of fortune and the inſults of mankind. I propoſed, therefore, to ſerve Mr. Rouſſeau in his own way. I deſired Mr. Clairaut, accordingly, to give me his letter; which I ſhewed to ſeveral of Mr. Rouſſeau's friends and patrons in Paris. At the ſame time, I propoſed to them a ſcheme,

ſcheme, by which he might be relieved, without ſuſpecting any thing of the matter. This was to engage the bookſeller, who was to publiſh his *dictionary*, to give Mr. Rouſſeau a greater ſum for the copy than he had offered, and to indemnify him by paying him the difference. But this project, which could not be executed without the aſſiſtance of Mr. Clairaut, fell to the ground, at the unexpected deceaſe of that learned and reſpectable academician.

Retaining, however, ſtill the ſame idea of Mr. Rouſſeau's exceſſive poverty, I conſtantly retained the ſame inclination to oblige him; and when I was informed of his intention to go to England under my conduct, I formed a ſcheme much of the ſame kind with that I could not execute at Paris. I wrote immediately to my friend, Mr. John Stewart, of Buckingham ſtreet, that I had an affair to communicate to him of ſo ſecret and delicate a nature, that I ſhould not venture even to commit it to paper, but that he might learn the particulars of Mr. Elliot (now Sir Gilbert Elliot) who would ſoon return from Paris to London. The plan was this, and was really communicated by Mr. Elliot ſome time after to Mr. Stewart; who was at the ſame time enjoined to the greateſt ſecrecy.

Mr.

Mr. Stewart was to look out for ſome honeſt diſcreet farmer in his neighbourhood in the country, who might be willing to lodge and board Mr. Rouſſeau and his Gouvernante, in a very decent and plentiful manner, at a penſion which Mr. Stewart might ſettle at fifty or ſixty pounds a year; the farmer engaging to keep ſuch agreement a profound ſecret, and to receive from Mr. Rouſſeau only twenty or twenty-five pounds a year; I engaging to ſupply the difference.

It was not long before Mr. Stewart wrote me word he had found a ſituation which he conceived might be agreeable; on which I deſired he would get the apartment furniſhed in a proper and convenient manner at my expence. But this ſcheme, in which there could not poſſibly enter any motive of vanity on my part, ſecrecy being a neceſſary condition of its execution, did not take place; other deſigns preſenting themſelves more convenient and agreeable. The fact, however, is well known both to Mr. Stewart and Sir Gilbert Elliot.

It will not be improper here to mention another plan concerted with the ſame intentions. I had accompanied Mr. Rouſſeau into a very pleaſant part of the county of Surry, where he ſpent two days at Colonel Webb's; Mr. Rouſſeau ſeeming to me highly delighted with the natural and ſolitary beau-

ties

ties of the place. Through the means of Mr. Stewart, therefore, I entered into treaty with Colonel Webb for the purchaſing the houſe, with a little eſtate adjoining, in order to make a ſettlement for Mr. Rouſſeau. If after what has paſſed, Mr. Rouſſeau's teſtimony be of any validity, I may appeal to himſelf for the truth of what I advance. But be this as it will, theſe facts are well known to Mr. Stewart, to General Clarke, and in part to Colonel Webb.

But to proceed in my narrative. Mr. Rouſſeau came to Paris, provided with a paſſport, which his friends had obtained for him. I conducted him to England. For upwards of two months after our arrival, I employed myſelf, and my friends, in looking out for ſome agreeable ſituation for him. We gave way to all his caprices; excuſed all his ſingularities; indulged him in all his humours; in ſhort, neither time nor trouble was ſpared to procure him what he deſired ‖; and,

‖ It is probably to this exceſſive and ill-judged complaiſance Mr. H. may in a great degree impute the diſagreeable conſequences that have followed. There is no end in indulging caprice, nor any prudence in doing it, when it is known to be ſuch. It may be thought humane to indulge the weak of body or mind, the decrepitude of age and imbecility of childhood; but even here it too often proves cruelty to the very parties indulged. How much more inexcuſable therefore is it to cheriſh the

and, notwithſtanding he rejected ſeveral of the projects which I had laid out for him, yet I thought myſelf ſufficiently recompenſed for my trouble, by the gratitude and even affection with which he appeared to repay my ſolicitude.

At length his preſent ſettlement was propoſed and approved. Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of family, fortune, and worth, offered him his houſe at Wooton, in the county of Derby, where he himſelf ſeldom reſides, and at which Mr. Rouſſeau and his houſekeeper are boarded, at a very moderate expence.

When Mr. Rouſſeau arrived at Wooton, he wrote me the following letter.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Wooton, March 22, 1766.

YOU ſee already, my dear patron, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived at the place of my deſtination; but

the abſurdities of whim and ſingularity in men of genius and abilities? How is it poſſible to make a man eaſy or happy in a world, to whoſe cuſtoms and maxims he is determined to run retrograde! No. Capricious men, like froward children, ſhould be left to kick againſt the pricks, and vent their ſpleen unnoticed. To humour, is only to ſpoil them. *Engliſh tranſlator.*

you cannot ſee all the charms which I find in it; to do this, you ſhould be acquainted with the ſituation, and be able to read my heart. You ought, however, to read at leaſt thoſe of my ſentiments with reſpect to you, and which you have ſo well deſerved. If I live in this agreeable aſylum as happy as I hope to do, one of the greateſt pleaſures of my life will be, to reflect that I owe it to you. To make another happy, is to deſerve to be happy one's ſelf. May you therefore find in yourſelf the reward of all you have done for me! Had I been alone, I might perhaps have met with hoſpitality, but I ſhould have never reliſhed it ſo highly as I now do, in owing it to your friendſhip. Retain ſtill that friendſhip for me, my dear patron; love me for my ſake, who am ſo much indebted to you; love me for your own, for the good you have done me. I am ſenſible of the full value of your ſincere friendſhip; it is the object of my ardent wiſhes; I am ready to repay it with all mine, and feel ſomething in my heart which may one day convince you that it is not without its value. As, for the reaſons agreed on between us, I ſhall receive nothing by the poſt, you will be pleaſed, when you have the goodneſs to write to me, to ſend your letters to Mr. Davenport. The affair of the carriage is not yet adjuſted, becauſe I know

know I was impoſed on: it is a trifling fault, however, which may be only the effect of an obliging vanity, unleſs it ſhould happen to be repeated. If you were concerned in it, I would adviſe you to give up, once for all, theſe little impoſitions, which cannot proceed from any good motive, when converted into ſnares for ſimplicity. I embrace you, my dear patron, with the ſame cordiality which I hope to find in you.

J. J. R.

Some few days after, I received from him another letter; of which the following is a copy.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Wooton, March 29, 1766.

YOU will ſee, my dear patron, by the letter Mr. Davenport will have tranſmitted you, how agreeably I find myſelf ſituated in this place. I might, perhaps, be more at my eaſe if I were leſs noticed; but the ſolicitude of ſo polite an hoſt as mine is too obliging to give offence; and as there is nothing in life without its inconvenience, that of being too good, is one of thoſe which is the moſt tolerable. I find a much greater inconvenience in not being able to make the ſervants underſtand me,

and

and particularly in my not underſtanding them. Luckily Mrs. le Vaſſeur ſerves me as interpreter, and her fingers ſpeak better than my tongue. There is one advantage however attending my ignorance, which is a kind of compenſation; it ſerves to tire and keep at a diſtance impertinent viſitors. The miniſter of the pariſh came to ſee me yeſterday, who, finding that I ſpoke to him only in French, would not ſpeak to me in Engliſh, ſo that our interview was almoſt a ſilent one. I have taken a great fancy to this expedient, and ſhall make uſe of it with all my neighbours, if I have any. Nay, ſhould I even learn to ſpeak Engliſh, I would converſe with them only in French, eſpecially if I were ſo happy as to find they did not underſtand a word of that language. An artifice this, much of the ſame kind with that which the Negroes pretend is practiſed by the monkeys, who, they ſay, are capable of ſpeech, but cannot be prevailed upon to talk, leſt they ſhould be ſet to work.

It is not true in any ſenſe, that I agreed to accept of a model from Mr. Goſſet as a preſent. On the contrary, I aſked him the price, which he told me was a guinea and half, adding that he intended to preſent me with it; an offer I did not accept. I deſire you therefore to pay him for it, and Mr. Davenport will be ſo good as repay you the money.

money. And if Mr. Goſſet does not conſent to be paid for it, it muſt be returned to him, and purchaſed by ſome other hand. It is deſigned for Mr. du Peyrou, who deſired long ſince to have my portrait, and cauſed one to be painted in miniature, which is not at all like me. You were more fortunate in this reſpect than he, but I am ſorry that, by your aſſiduity to ſerve me, you deprived me of the pleaſure of diſcharging the ſame friendly obligation with regard to yourſelf. Be ſo good, my dear patron, as to order the model to be ſent to Meſſrs. Guinand and Hankey, Little St. Helen's, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, in order to be tranſmitted to Mr. du Peyrou by the firſt ſafe conveyance. It hath been a froſt ever ſince I have been here: the ſnow falls daily; and the wind is cutting and ſevere: notwithſtanding all which, I had rather lodge in the hollow trunk of an old tree, in this country, than in the moſt ſuperb apartment in London. Good day, my dear patron. I embrace you with all my heart.

J. J. R.

Mr. Rouſſeau and I having agreed not to lay each other under any reſtraint by a continued correſpondence, the only ſubject of our future letters was the obtaining a penſion for him from the king of England; which

was then in agitation; and of which affair the following is a conciſe and faithful relation.

As we were converſing together one evening at Calais, where we were detained by contrary winds, I aſked Mr. Rouſſeau if he would not accept of a penſion from the king of England, in caſe his majeſty ſhould be pleaſed to grant him one. To this he replied, it was a matter of ſome difficulty to reſolve on; but that he ſhould be entirely directed by the advice of my Lord Marſhall. Encouraged by this anſwer, I no ſooner arrived in London, than I addreſſed myſelf to his majeſty's miniſters, and particularly to General Conway, Secretary of State, and General Græme, Secretary and Chamberlain to the queen. Application was accordingly made to their majeſties, who with their uſual goodneſs conſented, on condition only that the affair ſhould not be made publick. Mr. Rouſſeau and I both wrote to my Lord Marſhall; and Mr. Rouſſeau expreſsly obſerved in his letter, that the circumſtance of the affair's being to be kept ſecret, was very agreeable to him. The conſent of my Lord Marſhall arrived, as may readily be imagined; ſoon after which Mr. Rouſſeau ſet out for Wooton; while the buſineſs remained

ſome time in ſuſpenſe, on account of the indiſpoſition of General Conway.

In the mean time, I began to be afraid, from what I had obſerved of Mr. Rouſſeau's diſpoſition and character, that his natural reſtleſſneſs of mind would prevent his enjoyment of that repoſe, to which the hoſpitality and ſecurity he found in England, invited him. I ſaw, with infinite regret, that he was born for ſtorms and tumults, and that the diſguſt which might ſucceed the peaceful enjoyment of ſolitude and tranquillity, would ſoon render him a burthen to himſelf and every body about him *. But, as I lived at the diſtance of an hundred and fifty miles from the place of his reſidence, and was conſtantly employed in doing him good offices, I did not expect that I myſelf ſhould be the victim of this unhappy diſpoſition.

* In forming the opinion of Mr. Rouſſeau's diſpoſition, Mr. Hume was by no means ſingular: the ſtriking features of Mr. Rouſſeau's extraordinary character having been ſtrongly marked in the criticiſms on his ſeveral writings, in the Monthly Review, particularly in the account of his Letters from the mountains, in the appendix to the 31ſt vol. of that work; where this celebrated genius is deſcribed, merely from the general tenour of his writings and the outlines of his publick conduct, to be exactly ſuch a kind of perſon as Mr. Hume hath diſcovered him from intimate and perſonal acquaintance. *Engliſh tranſlator.*

It is neceſſary to introduce here a letter, which was written laſt winter, at Paris, in the name of the king of Pruſſia.

My dear JOHN JAMES,

YOU have renounced Geneva, your native ſoil. You have been driven from Switzerland, a country of which you have made ſuch boaſt in your writings. In France you are outlawed: come then to me. I admire your talents, and amuſe myſelf with your reveries; on which however, by the way, you beſtow too much time and attention. It is high time to grow prudent and happy; you have made yourſelf ſufficiently talked of for ſingularities little becoming a truly great man: ſhow your enemies that you have ſometimes common ſenſe: this will vex them without hurting you. My dominions afford you a peaceful retreat: I am deſirous to do you good, and will do it, if you can but think it ſuch. But if you are determined to refuſe my aſſiſtance, you may expect that I ſhall ſay not a word about it to any one. If you perſiſt in perplexing your brains to find out new misfortunes, chuſe ſuch as you like beſt; I am a king and can make you as miſerable as you can wiſh; at the ſame time, I will engage to do that which your enemies never will, I will

will ceaſe to perſecute you, when you are no longer vain of perſecution.

Your ſincere friend,

FREDERIC.

This letter was written by Mr. Horace Walpole, about three weeks before I left Paris; but though we lodged in the ſame hotel, and were often together, Mr. Walpole, out of regard to me, carefully concealed this piece of pleaſantry till after my departure. He then ſhewed it to ſome friends, who took copies; and thoſe of courſe preſently multiplied: ſo that this little piece had been ſpread with rapidity all over Europe, and was in every body's hands when I ſaw it, for the firſt time, in London.

I believe every one will allow, who knows any thing of the liberty of this country, that ſuch a piece of raillery could not, even by the utmoſt influence of kings, lords and commons, by all the authority eccleſiaſtical, civil and military, be kept from finding its way to the preſs. It was accordingly publiſhed in the St. James's Chronicle, and a few days after I was very much ſurprized to find the following piece in the ſame paper.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to the AUTHOR of the St. James's Chronicle.

Wooton, April 7, 1766.

SIR,

YOU have been wanting in that reſpect which every private perſon owes to crowned heads, in publickly aſcribing to the king of Pruſſia, a letter full of baſeneſs and extravagance; by which circumſtance alone you might be very well aſſured he could not be the author. You have even dared to ſubſcribe his name, as if you had ſeen him write it with his own hand. I inform you, Sir, that this letter was fabricated at Paris, and, what rends and afflicts my heart, that the impoſtor hath his accomplices in England.

In juſtice to the king of Pruſſia, to truth and to myſelf, you ought therefore to print the letter I am now writing, and to which I ſet my name; by way of reparation for a fault, which you would undoubtedly reproach yourſelf for, if you knew of what atrociouſneſs you have been made the inſtrument. Sir, I make you my ſincere ſalutations.

J. J. R.

I was ſorry to ſee Mr. Rouſſeau diſplay ſuch an exceſs of ſenſibility, on account of ſo ſimple and unavoidable an incident, as the publication of this pretended letter from the King of Pruſſia. But I ſhould have accuſed myſelf of a moſt black and malevolent diſpoſition, if I had imagined Mr. Rouſſeau could have ſuſpected me to have been the editor of it; or that he had intentionally directed his reſentment againſt me. He now informs me, however, that this was really the caſe. Juſt eight days before, I had received a letter, written in the moſt amicable terms imaginable *. I am, ſurely, the laſt man in the world, who, in common ſenſe ought to be ſuſpected; yet, without even the pretence of the ſmalleſt proof or probability, I am, of a ſudden, the firſt man not only ſuſpected, but certainly concluded to be the publiſher; I am, without further enquiry or explication, intentionally inſulted in a public paper; I am, from the deareſt friend, converted into a treacherous and malignant enemy; and all my preſent and paſt ſervices are at one ſtroke very artfully cancelled. Were it not ridiculous to employ reaſoning on ſuch a ſubject, and with ſuch a man, I might aſk Mr. Rouſſeau, "Why I am ſuppoſed to have any malig-

* That of the 29th of March.

nity againſt him?" My actions, in a hundred inſtances, had ſufficiently demonſtrated the contrary; and it is not uſual for favours conferred to beget ill-will in the perſon who confers them. But ſuppoſing I had ſecretly entertained an animoſity towards him, would I run the riſque of a diſcovery, by ſo ſilly a vengeance, and by ſending this piece to the preſs, when I knew, from the uſual avidity of the news-writers to find articles of intelligence, that it muſt neceſſarily in a few days be laid hold of?

But not imagining that I was the object of ſo black and ridiculous a ſuſpicion, I purſued my uſual train, by ſerving my friend in the leaſt doubtful manner. I renewed my applications to General Conway, as ſoon as the ſtate of that gentleman's health permitted it: the General applies again to his Majeſty: his Majeſty's conſent is renewed: the Marquis of Rockingham, firſt commiſſioner of the Treaſury, is alſo applied to: the whole affair is happily finiſhed; and full of joy, I conveyed the intelligence to my friend. On which Mr. Conway ſoon after received the following letter.

Mr.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to General CONWAY.

May 12, 1766.

SIR,

AFFECTED with a moſt lively ſenſe of the favour his Majeſty hath honoured me with, and with that of your goodneſs, which procured it me; it affords me the moſt pleaſing ſenſation to reflect, that the beſt of Kings, and the Miniſter moſt worthy of his confidence, are pleaſed to intereſt themſelves in my fortune. This, Sir, is an advantage of which I am juſtly tenacious, and which I will never deſerve to loſe. But it is neceſſary I ſhould ſpeak to you with that frankneſs you admire. After the many misfortunes that have befallen me, I thought myſelf armed againſt all poſſible events: there have happened to me ſome, however, which I did not foreſee; and which indeed an ingenuous mind ought not to have foreſeen: hence it is that they affect me by ſo much the more ſeverely. The trouble in which they involve me, indeed, deprives me of the eaſe and preſence of mind neceſſary to direct my conduct: all I can reaſonably do, under ſo diſtreſſed a ſituation, is to ſuſpend my reſolutions about every affair of ſuch importance as is that in agitation. So far

from refuſing the beneficencé of the King from pride, as is imputed to me, I am proud of acknowleging it, and am only ſorry I cannot do it more publicly. But when I actually receive it, I would be able to give up myſelf entirely to thoſe ſentiments which it would naturally inſpire, and to have an heart replete with gratitude for his Majeſty's goodneſs, and yours. I am not at all afraid this manner of thinking will make any alteration in yours towards me. Deign, therefore, Sir, to preſerve that goodneſs for me, till a more happy opportunity; when you will be ſatisfied that I defer taking the advantage of it, only to render myſelf more worthy of it. I beg of you, Sir, to accept of my moſt humble and reſpectful ſalutations.

J. J. R.

This letter appeared both to General Conway and to me a plain refuſal, as long as the article of ſecrecy was inſiſted on; but as I knew that Mr. Rouſſeau had been acquainted with that condition from the beginning, I was the leſs ſurprized at his ſilence towards me. I thought, that my friend, conſcious of having treated me ill in this affair, was aſhamed to write to me; and having prevailed on General Conway to keep the matter ſtill open, I wrote a very friendly letter

to

to Mr. Rouſſeau, exhorting him to return to his former way of thinking, and to accept of the penſion.

As to the deep diſtreſs which he mentions to General Conway, and which, he ſays, deprives him even of the uſe of his reaſon, I was ſet very much at eaſe on that head, by receiving a letter from Mr. Davenport; who told me, that his gueſt was at that very time extremely happy, eaſy, chearful, and even ſociable. I ſaw plainly, in this event, the uſual infirmity of my friend, who wiſhes to intereſt the world in his favour, by paſſing for ſickly, and perſecuted, and diſtreſſed, and unfortunate, beyond all meaſure, even while he is the moſt happy and contented. His pretences of an extreme ſenſibility had been too frequently repeated, to have any effect on a man who was ſo well acquainted with them.

I waited three weeks in vain for an anſwer: I thought this a little ſtrange, and I even wrote ſo to Mr. Davenport; but having to do with a very odd ſort of a man, and ſtill accounting for his ſilence, by ſuppoſing him aſhamed to write to me, I was reſolved not to be diſcouraged, nor to loſe the opportunity of doing him an eſſential ſervice, on account of a vain ceremonial. I accordingly renewed my applications to the Miniſters, and was ſo happy as to be enabled to write

the

the following letter to Mr. Rouſſeau, the only one of ſo old a date of which I have a copy.

Mr. HUME to Mr. ROUSSEAU.

Liſle-ſtreet, Leiceſter-fields, 19 June, 1766.

AS I have not received any anſwer from you, I conclude, that you perſevere in the ſame reſolution of refuſing all marks of his Majeſty's goodneſs, as long as they muſt remain a ſecret. I have therefore applied to General Conway to have this condition removed; and I was ſo fortunate as to obtain his promiſe that he would ſpeak to the King for that purpoſe. It will only be requiſite, ſaid he, that we know previouſly from Mr. Rouſſeau, whether he would accept of a penſion publicly granted him, that his Majeſty may not be expoſed to a ſecond refuſal. He gave me authority to write to you on that ſubject; and I beg to hear your reſolution as ſoon as poſſible. If you give your conſent, which I earneſtly intreat you to do, I know, that I could depend on the good offices of the Duke of Richmond, to ſecond General Conway's application; ſo that I have no doubt of ſucceſs. I am, my Dear Sir,

Yours, with great ſincerity,

D. H.

In five days I received the following anſwer.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Wooton, June 23, 1766.

I Imagined, Sir, that my ſilence, truly interpreted by your own conſcience, had ſaid enough; but ſince you have ſome deſign in not underſtanding me, I ſhall ſpeak. You have but ill diſguiſed yourſelf. I know you, and you are not ignorant of it. Before we had any perſonal connections, quarrels, or diſputes; while we knew each other only by literary reputation, you affectionately made me the offer of the good offices of yourſelf and friends. Affected by this generoſity, I threw myſelf into your arms; you brought me to England, apparently to procure me an aſylum, but in fact to bring me to diſhonour. You applied to this noble work, with a zeal worthy of your heart, and a ſucceſs worthy of your abilities. You needed not have taken ſo much pains: you live and converſe with the world; I with myſelf in ſolitude. The public love to be deceived, and you were formed to deceive them. I know one man, however, whom you can not deceive; I mean yourſelf. You know with what horrour my heart rejected the

firſt ſuſpicion of your deſigns. You know I embraced you with tears in my eyes, and told you, if you were not the beſt of men, you muſt be the blackeſt of mankind. In reflecting on your private conduct, you muſt ſay to yourſelf ſometimes, you are not the beſt of men: under which conviction, I doubt much if ever you will be the happieſt.

I leave your friends and you to carry on your ſchemes as you pleaſe; giving up to you, without regret, my reputation during life; certain that ſooner or later juſtice will be done to that of both. As to your good offices in matters of intereſt, which you have made uſe of as a maſk, I thank you for them, and ſhall diſpenſe with profiting by them. I ought not to hold a correſpondence with you any longer, or to accept of it to my advantage in any affair in which you are to be the mediator. Adieu, Sir, I wiſh you the trueſt happineſs; but as we ought not to have any thing to ſay to each other for the future, this is the laſt letter you will receive from me.

J. J. R.

To this I immediately ſent the following reply.

Mr. HUME to Mr. ROUSSEAU.

June 26, 1766.

AS I am conſcious of having ever acted towards you the moſt friendly part, of having always given the moſt tender, the moſt active proofs of ſincere affection; you may judge of my extreme ſurprize on peruſing your epiſtle. Such violent accuſations, confined altogether to generals, it is as impoſſible to anſwer, as it is impoſſible to comprehend them. But affairs cannot, muſt not remain on that footing. I ſhall charitably ſuppoſe, that ſome infamous calumniator has belied me to you. But in that caſe, it is your duty, and I am perſuaded it will be your inclination, to give me an opportunity of detecting him, and of juſtifying myſelf; which can only be done by your mentioning the particulars of which I am accuſed. You ſay, that I myſelf know that I have been falſe to you; but I ſay it loudly, and will ſay it to the whole world, that I know the contrary, that I know my friendſhip towards you has been unbounded and uninterrupted, and that though inſtances of it have been very generally remarked both in France and England, the ſmalleſt part of it only has as yet come to the knowlege

of

of the public. I demand, that you will produce me the man who will aſſert the contrary; and above all, I demand, that he will mention any one particular in which I have been wanting to you. You owe this to me; you owe it to yourſelf; you owe it to truth, and honour, and juſtice, and to every thing that can be deemed ſacred among men. As an innocent man; I will not ſay, as your friend; I will not ſay, as your benefactor; but, I repeat it, as an innocent man, I claim the privilege of proving my innocence, and of refuting any ſcandalous lie which may have been invented againſt me. Mr. Davenport, to whom I have ſent a copy of your letter, and who will read this before he delivers it, I am confident, will ſecond my demand, and will tell you, that nothing poſſibly can be more equitable. Happily I have preſerved the letter you wrote me after your arrival at Wooton; and you there expreſs in the ſtrongeſt terms, indeed in terms too ſtrong, your ſatisfaction in my poor endeavours to ſerve you: the little epiſtolary intercourſe which afterwards paſſed between us, has been all employed on my ſide to the moſt friendly purpoſes. Tell me, what has ſince given you offence? Tell me of what I am accuſed. Tell me the man who accuſes me. Even after you have fulfilled all theſe conditions, to my ſatisfaction, and to

that

that of Mr. Davenport, you will have great difficulty to juſtify the employing ſuch outrageous terms towards a man, with whom you have been ſo intimately connected, and whom, on many accounts, you ought to have treated with ſome regard and decency.

Mr. Davenport knows the whole tranſaction about your penſion, becauſe I thought it neceſſary that the perſon who had undertaken your ſettlement, ſhould be fully acquainted with your circumſtances; leſt he ſhould be tempted to perform towards you concealed acts of generoſity, which, if they accidentally came to your knowlege, might give you ſome grounds of offence. I am, Sir,

D. H.

Mr. Davenport's authority procured me, in three weeks, the following enormous letter; which however has this advantage, that it confirms all the material circumſtances of the foregoing narrative. I have ſubjoined a few notes relative to ſome facts which Mr. Rouſſeau hath not truly repreſented, and leave my readers to judge which of us deſerves the greateſt confidence.

Mr. ROUSSEAU to Mr. HUME.

Wooton, July 10, 1766.

SIR,

I AM indiſpoſed, and little in a ſituation to write; but you require an explanation, and it muſt be given you: it was your own fault you had it not long ſince; but you did not deſire it, and I was therefore ſilent: at preſent you do, and I have ſent it. It will be a long one, for which I am very ſorry; but I have much to ſay, and would put an end to the ſubject at once.

As I live retired from the world, I am ignorant of what paſſes in it. I have no party, no aſſociates, no intrigues; I am told nothing, and I know only what I feel. But as care hath been taken to make me ſeverely feel; that I well know. The firſt concern of thoſe who engage in bad deſigns is to ſecure themſelves from legal proofs of detection: it would not be very adviſeable to ſeek a remedy againſt them at law. The innate conviction of the heart admits of another kind of proof, which influences the ſentiments of honeſt men. You well know the baſis of mine.

You aſk me, with great confidence, to name your accuſer. That accuſer, Sir, is

the only man in the world whoſe teſtimony I ſhould admit againſt you; it is yourſelf. I ſhall give myſelf up without fear or reſerve to the natural frankneſs of my diſpoſition; being an enemy to every kind of artifice, I ſhall ſpeak with the ſame freedom as if you were an indifferent perſon, on whom I placed all that confidence which I no longer have in you. I will give you an hiſtory of the emotions of my heart, and of what produced them; while, ſpeaking of Mr. Hume in the third perſon, I ſhall make yourſelf the judge of what I ought to think of him. Notwithſtanding the length of my letter, I ſhall purſue no other order than that of my ideas, beginning with the premiſes, and ending with the demonſtration.

I quitted Switzerland, wearied out by the barbarous treatment I had undergone; but which affected only my perſonal ſecurity, while my honour was ſafe. I was going, as my heart directed me, to join my Lord Marſhal; when I received at Straſburg a moſt affectionate invitation from Mr. Hume, to go over with him to England; where he promiſed me the moſt agreeable reception, and more tranquillity than I have met with. I heſitated ſome time between my old friend and my new one; in this I was wrong. I preferred the latter, and in this was ſtill more ſo. But the deſire of viſiting in perſon a ce-

lebrated nation, of which I had heard both ſo much good and ſo much ill, prevailed. Aſſured I could not loſe George Keith, I was flattered with the acquiſition of David Hume. His great merit, extraordinary abilities, and eſtabliſhed probity of character, made me deſirous of annexing his friendſhip to that with which I was honoured by his illuſtrious countryman. Beſides, I gloried not a little in ſetting an example to men of letters, in a ſincere union between two men ſo different in their principles.

Before I had received an invitation from the King of Pruſſia, and my Lord Marſhal, undetermined about the place of my retreat, I had deſired, and obtained by the intereſt of my friends, a paſſport from the Court of France. I made uſe of this, and went to Paris to join Mr. Hume. He ſaw, and perhaps ſaw too much of, the favourable reception I met with from a great Prince, and I will venture to ſay, of the public. I yielded, as it was my duty, though with reluctance, to that eclat; concluding how far it muſt excite the envy of my enemies. At the ſame time, I ſaw with pleaſure the regard which the public entertained for Mr. Hume, ſenſibly increaſing throughout Paris, on account of the good work he had undertaken with reſpect to me. Doubtleſs he was affected

ſected too; but I know not if it was in the ſame manner as I was.

We ſet out with one of my friends, who came to England almoſt entirely on my account. When we were landed at Dover, tranſported with the thoughts of having ſet foot in this land of liberty, under the conduct of ſo celebrated a perſon, I threw my arms round his neck, and preſſed him to my heart, without ſpeaking a ſyllable; bathing his cheeks, as I kiſſed them, with tears ſufficiently expreſſive. This was not the only, nor the moſt remarkable inſtance I have given him of the effuſions of an heart full of ſenſibility. I know not what he does with the recollection of them, when that happens; but I have a notion they muſt be ſometimes troubleſome to him.

At our arrival in London, we were mightily careſſed and entertained: all ranks of people eagerly preſſing to give me marks of their benevolence and eſteem. Mr. Hume preſented me politely to every body; and it was natural for me to aſcribe to him, as I did, the beſt part of my good reception. My heart was full of him. I ſpoke in his praiſe to every one, I wrote to the ſame purpoſe to all my friends; my attachment to him gathering every day new ſtrength, while his appeared the moſt affectionate to me; of which he frequently gave me inſtances that touched me extremely. That of cauſing my

portrait to be painted, however, was not of the number. This ſeemed to me to carry with it too much the affectation of popularity, and had an air of oſtentation which by no means pleaſed me. All this, however, might have been eaſily excuſable, had Mr. Hume been a man apt to throw away his money, or had a gallery of pictures with the portraits of his friends. After all, I freely confeſs, that, on this head, I may be in the wrong *.

But what appears to me an act of friendſhip and generoſity the moſt undoubted and eſtimable, in a word, the moſt worthy of Mr. Hume, was the care he took to ſolicit for me, of his own accord, a penſion from the King; to which moſt aſſuredly I had no right to aſpire. As I was a witneſs to the zeal he exerted in that affair, I was greatly affected with it. Nothing could flatter me more than a piece of ſervice of that nature; not merely for the ſake of intereſt; for, too much at-

* The fact was this. My friend, Mr. Ramſay, a painter of eminence, and a man of merit, propoſed to draw Mr. Rouſſeau's picture; and when he had begun it, told me he intended to make me a preſent of it. Thus the deſign of having Mr. Rouſſeau's picture drawn did not come from me, nor did it coſt me any thing. Mr. Rouſſeau, therefore, is equally contemptible in paying me a compliment for this pretended gallantry, in his letter of the 29th of March, and in converting it into ridicule here. Mr. HUME.

tached,

tached, perhaps, to what I actually poſſeſs, I am not capable of deſiring what I have not, and as I am able to ſubſiſt on my labour and the aſſiſtance of my friends, I covet nothing more. But the honour of receiving teſtimonies of the goodneſs, I will not ſay of ſo great a monarch, but of ſo good a father, ſo good a huſband, ſo good a maſter, ſo good a friend, and above all, ſo worthy a man, was ſenſibly affecting: and when I conſidered farther, that the miniſter who had obtained for me this favour, was a living inſtance of that probity which of all others is the moſt important to mankind, and at the ſame time hardly ever met with in the only character wherein it can be uſeful, I could not check the emotions of my pride, at having for my benefactors three men, who of all the world I could moſt deſire to have my friends. Thus, ſo far from refuſing the penſion offered me, I only made one condition neceſſary for my acceptance; this was the conſent of a perſon, whom I could not, without neglecting my duty, fail to conſult.

Being honoured with the civilities of all the world, I endeavoured to make a proper return. In the mean time, my bad ſtate of health, and being accuſtomed to live in the country, made my reſidence in town very diſagreeable. Immediately country houſes preſented themſelves in plenty; I had my

choice of all the counties of England. Mr. Hume took the trouble to receive theſe propoſals, and to repreſent them to me; accompanying me to two or three in the neighbouring counties. I heſitated a good while in my choice, and he increaſed the difficulty of determination. At length, I fixed on this place, and immediately Mr. Hume ſettled the affair; all difficulties vaniſhed, and I departed; arriving preſently at this ſolitary, convenient, and agreeable habitation; where the owner of the houſe provides every thing, and nothing is wanting. I became tranquil, independant; and this ſeemed to be the wiſhed for moment, when all my misfortunes ſhould have an end. On the contrary, it was now they began; misfortunes more cruel than any I had yet experienced.

Hitherto I have ſpoken in the fulneſs of my heart, and to do juſtice, with the greateſt pleaſure, to the good offices of Mr. Hume. Would to Heaven that what remains for me to ſay were of the ſame nature! It would never give me pain to ſpeak what would redound to his honour; nor is it proper to ſet a value on benefits till one is accuſed of ingratitude; which is the caſe at preſent. I will venture to make one obſervation, therefore, which renders it neceſſary. In eſtimating the ſervices of Mr. Hume, by the time and the pains they took him up, they

were of an infinite value, and that ſtill more from the good-will diſplayed in their performance; but for the actual ſervice they were of to me, it was much more in appearance than reality. I did not come over to beg my bread in England; I brought the means of ſubſiſtence with me. I came merely to ſeek an aſylum in a country which is open to every ſtranger without diſtinction. I was, beſides, not ſo totally unknown as that, if I had arrived alone, I ſhould have wanted either aſſiſtance or ſervice. If ſome perſons have ſought my acquaintance for the ſake of Mr. Hume, others have ſought it for my own. Thus when Mr. Davenport, for example, was ſo kind as to offer my preſent retreat, it was not for the ſake of Mr. Hume, whom he did not know, and whom he ſaw only in order to deſire him to make me his obliging propoſal. So that when Mr. Hume endeavours to alienate from me this worthy man, he takes that from me which he did not give me *. All the good that hath been done me, would have been done me nearly the ſame without him, and perhaps better; but the evil would not have been done me at all: for

* Mr. Rouſſeau forms a wrong judgment of me, and ought to know me better. I have written to Mr. Davenport, even ſince our rupture, to engage him to continue his kindneſs to his unhappy gueſt.

Mr. HUME.

why

why ſhould I have enemies in England? Why are thoſe enemies all the friends of Mr. Hume? Who could have excited their enmity againſt me? It certainly was not I; who knew nothing of them, nor ever ſaw them in my life: I ſhould not have had a ſingle enemy had I come to England alone *.

I have hitherto dwelt upon public and notorious facts; which from their own nature, and my acknowledgment, have made the greateſt eclat. Thoſe which are to follow are particular and ſecret, at leaſt in their cauſe, and all poſſible meaſures have been taken to keep the knowledge of them from the public; but as they are well known to the perſon intereſted, they will not have the leſs influence toward his own conviction.

A very ſhort time after our arrival in London, I obſerved an abſurd change in the minds of the people regarding me, which ſoon became very apparent. Before I arrived

* How ſtrange are the effects of a diſordered imagination! Mr. Rouſſeau tells us he is ignorant of what paſſes in the world, and yet talks of the enemies he has in England. How does he know this? Where did he ſee them? He hath received nothing but marks of beneficence and hoſpitality. Mr. Walpole is the only perſon who hath thrown out a little piece of raillery againſt him; but is not therefore his enemy. If Mr. Rouſſeau could have ſeen things exactly as they are, he would have ſeen that he had no other friend in England but me, and no other enemy but himſelf. Mr. HUME.

in

in England, there was not a nation in Europe in which I had a greater reputation, I will venture to ſay, was held in greater eſtimation. The public papers were full of encomiums on me, and a general outcry prevailed on my perſecutors *. This was the caſe at my arrival, which was publiſhed in the news papers with triumph; England prided itſelf in affording me refuge, and juſtly gloried on that occaſion in its laws and government: when, all of a ſudden, without the leaſt aſſignable cauſe, the tone was changed; and that ſo ſpeedily and totally, that of all the caprices of the public, never

* That a general outcry ſhould prevail againſt Mr. Rouſſeau's perſecutors in England is no wonder: ſuch an outcry would have prevailed from ſentiments of humanity, had he been a perſon of much leſs note; ſo that this is no proof of his being eſteemed: and as to the encomiums on him inſerted in the public news papers, the value of ſuch kind of puffs is well known in England. I have already obſerved that the authors of more reſpectable works were at no loſs what to think of Mr. Rouſſeau; but had formed a proper judgment of him long before his arrival in England. The genius which diſplayed itſelf in his writings, did, by no means, blind the eyes of the more ſenſible part of mankind to the abſurdity and inconſiſtency of his opinions and conduct. In exclaiming againſt Mr. Rouſſeau's fanatical perſecutors, they did not think him the more poſſeſſed of the true ſpirit of martyrdom. The general opinion indeed, was, that he had too much philoſophy to be very devout, and had too much devotion to have much philoſophy.

Engliſh tranſlator.

was known any thing more ſurprizing. The ſignal was given in a certain *Magazine*, equally full of follies and falſhoods, in which the author, being well informed, or pretending to be ſo, gives me out for the ſon of a muſician. From this time *, I was conſtantly ſpoken of in print in a very equivocal or ſlighting manner. Every thing that had been publiſhed concerning my misfortunes was miſrepreſented, altered, or placed in a wrong light, and always as much as poſſible to my diſadvantage. So far was any body from ſpeaking of the reception I met with at Paris, and which had made but too much noiſe, it was not generally ſuppoſed that I durſt have appeared in that city; even one of Mr. Hume's friends being very much ſurprized when I told him I came through it.

Accuſtomed as I had been too much to the inconſtancy of the public, to be affected by this inſtance of it, I could not help being aſtoniſhed, however, at a change, ſo very

* Mr. Rouſſeau knows very little of the public judgment in England, if he thinks it is to be influenced by any ſtory told in a certain Magazine. But, as I have before ſaid, it was not from this time that Mr. Rouſſeau was ſlightingly ſpoke of, but long before; and that in a more conſequential manner. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Rouſſeau ought in juſtice to impute great part of thoſe civilities he met with on his arrival, rather to vanity and curioſity than to reſpect and eſteem.

Engliſh tranſlator.

ſudden

ſudden and general, that not one of thoſe who had ſo much praiſed me in my abſence, appeared, now I was preſent, to think even of my exiſtence. I thought it ſomething very odd that, immediately after the return of Mr. Hume, who had ſo much credit in London, with ſo much influence over the booksellers and men of letters, and ſuch great connections with them, his preſence ſhould produce an effect ſo contrary to what might have been expected; that among ſo many writers of every kind, not one of his friends ſhould ſhew himſelf to be mine; while it was eaſy to be ſeen, that thoſe who ſpoke of him were not his enemies, ſince, in noticing his public character, they reported that I had come through France under his protection, and by favour of a paſſport which he had obtained of the court; nay, they almoſt went ſo far as to inſinuate, that I came over in his retinue, and at his expence. All this was of little ſignification, and was only ſingular; but what was much more ſo, was, that his friends changed their tone with me as much as the public. I ſhall always take a pleaſure in ſaying that they were ſtill equally ſolicitous to ſerve me, and that they exerted themſelves greatly in my favour; but ſo far were they from ſhewing me the ſame reſpect, particularly the gentleman at whoſe houſe we alighted

on

on our arrival, that he accompanied all his actions with diſcourſe ſo rude, and ſometimes ſo inſulting, that one would have thought he had taken an occaſion to oblige me, merely to have a right to expreſs his contempt *. His brother, who was at firſt very polite and obliging, altered his behaviour with ſo little reſerve, that he would hardly deign to ſpeak a ſingle word to me even in their own houſe, in return to a civil ſalutation, or to pay any of thoſe civilities which are uſually paid in like circumſtances to ſtrangers. Nothing new had happened, however, except the arrival of J. J. Rouſſeau and David Hume: and certainly the cauſe of theſe alterations did not come from me, unleſs indeed too great a portion of ſimplicity, diſcretion, and modeſty, be the cauſe of offence in England. As to Mr. Hume, he was ſo far from aſſuming ſuch a diſguſting tone, that he gave into the other extreme. I have always looked upon flat-

* This relates to my friend Mr. John Stewart, who entertained Mr. Rouſſeau at his houſe, and did him all the good offices in his power. Mr. Rouſſeau, in complaining of this gentleman's behaviour, forgets that he wrote Mr. Stewart a letter from Wooton, full of acknowlegements, and juſt expreſſions of gratitude. What Mr. Rouſſeau adds, regarding the brother of Mr. Stewart, is neither civil nor true.

Mr. Hume.

terers

terers with an eye of ſuſpicion: and he was ſo full of all kinds † of flattery, that he even obliged me, when I could bear it no longer ‡, to tell him my ſentiments on that head. His behaviour was ſuch as to render few words neceſſary, yet I could have wiſhed he had ſubſtituted, in the room of ſuch groſs encomiums, ſometimes the language of a friend; but I never found any thing in his, which ſavoured of true friendſhip, not even in his manner of ſpeaking of me to others in my preſence. One would have thought that, in endeavouring to procure me patrons, he ſtrove to deprive me of their good-will; that he ſought rather to have me aſſiſted than loved; and I have been ſometimes ſurprized at the rude turn he

† I ſhall mention only one, that made me ſmile; this was, his attention to have, every time I came to ſee him, a volume of *Eloiſa* upon his table; as if I did not know enough of Mr. Hume's taſte for reading, as to be well aſſured, that of all books in the world, Eloiſa muſt be one of the moſt tireſome to him.

Mr. Rousseau.

‡ The reader may judge from the two firſt letters of Mr. Rouſſeau, which I publiſhed with that view, on which ſide the flatteries commenced. As for the reſt, I loved and eſteemed Mr. Rouſſeau, and took a pleaſure in giving him to underſtand ſo. I might perhaps be too laviſh in my praiſes; but I can aſſure the reader he never once complained of it.

Mr. Hume.

hath

hath given to my behaviour before people who might not unreaſonably have taken offence at it. I ſhall give an example of what I mean. Mr. Pennick of the Muſeum, a friend of my Lord Marſhal's, and miniſter of a pariſh where I was ſolicited to reſide, came to ſee me. Mr. Hume made my excuſes, while I myſelf was preſent, for not having paid him a viſit. Doctor Matty, ſaid he, invited us on Thurſday to the Muſeum, where Mr. Rouſſeau ſhould have ſeen you; but he choſe rather to go with Mrs. Garrick to the play: we could not do both the ſame day *. You will confeſs, Sir, this was a ſtrange method of recommending me to Mr. Pennick.

I know not what Mr. Hume might ſay in private of me to his acquaintance, but nothing was more extraordinary than their behaviour to me, even by his own confeſſion, and even often through his own means. Although my purſe was not empty, and I needed not that of any other perſon; which he very well knew; yet any one would have thought I was come over to ſubſiſt on the

* I don't recollect a ſingle circumſtance of this hiſtory; but what makes me give very little credit to it, is, that I remember very well we had ſettled two different days for the purpoſes mentioned, that is, one to go to the Muſeum, and another to the play.

Mr. Hume.

charity of the public, and that nothing more was to be done than to give me alms in ſuch a manner as to ſave me a little confuſion †. I muſt own, this conſtant and inſolent piece of affectation was one of thoſe things which made me averſe to reſide in London. This certainly was not the footing on which any man ſhould have been introduced in England, had there been a deſign of procuring him ever ſo little reſpect. This diſplay of charity, however, may admit of a more favourable interpretation, and I conſent it ſhould. To proceed.

At Paris was publiſhed a fictitious letter from the King of Pruſſia, addreſſed to me, and replete with the moſt cruel malignity. I learned with ſurprize that it was one Mr. Walpole, a friend of Mr. Hume's, who was the editor; I aſked him if it were true; in anſwer to which queſtion, he only aſked me, of whom I had the information. A moment before he had given me a card for this ſame Mr. Walpole, written to engage him

† I conceive Mr. Rouſſeau hints here at two or three dinners, that were ſent him from the houſe of Mr. Steward, when he choſe to dine at his own lodgings; this was not done, however, to ſave him the expence of a meal, but becauſe there was no convenient tavern or chop-houſe in the neighbourhood. I beg the reader's pardon for deſcending to ſuch trivial particulars. Mr. Hume.

to bring over ſuch papers as related to me from Paris, and which I wanted to have by a ſafe hand.

I was informed that the ſon of that quack * Tronchin, my moſt mortal enemy, was not only the friend of Mr. Hume, and under his protection, but that they both lodged in the ſame houſe together; and when Mr. Hume found that I knew it, he imparted it in confidence; aſſuring me at the ſame time, that the ſon was by no means like the father. I lodged a few nights myſelf, together with my governante, in the ſame houſe; and by the air and manner with which we were received by the landladies, who are his friends, I judged in what manner either Mr. Hume, or that man, who, as he ſaid, was by no means like his father, muſt have ſpoken to them both of her and me †.

All

* We have not been authorized to ſuppreſs this affronting term; but it is too groſs and groundleſs to do any injury to the celebrated and reſpectable phyſician to whoſe name it is annexed.

FRENCH EDITORS.

† Thus am I accuſed of treachery, becauſe I am a friend of Mr. Walpole, who hath thrown out a little raillery on Mr. Rouſſeau; and becauſe the ſon of a man whom Mr. Rouſſeau does not like, lodges by accident in the ſame houſe; becauſe my landladies, who do not underſtand a ſyllable of French, received Mr. Rouſſeau coldly. As to the reſt, all that I ſaid to Mr. Rouſ-

ſeau

All theſe facts put together, added to a certain appearance of things on the whole, inſenſibly gave me an uneaſineſs, which I rejected with horror. In the mean time, I found the letters I wrote did not come to hand; thoſe I received had often been opened; and all went through the hands of Mr. Hume †. If at any time any one eſcaped

ſeau about the young Tronchin was, that he had not the ſame prejudices againſt him as his father. Mr. HUME.

† The ſtory of Mr. Rouſſeau's letters is as follows. He had often been complaining to me, and with reaſon, that he was ruined by poſtage at Neuf-chatel, which commonly coſt him 25 or 26 louis d'ors a year; and all for letters which were of no ſignificance, being wrote, ſome of them by people who took that opportunity of abuſing him, and moſt of them by perſons unknown to him: he was therefore reſolved, he ſaid, in England to receive no letters which came by the poſt; and the ſame reſolution he re-iterates in his letter to me dated the 22d of March. When he went to Chiſwick, near London, the poſt-man brought his letters to me. I carried him out a cargo of them: he exclaimed, deſired me to return the letters, and recover the price of poſtage: I told him, that in that caſe, the clerks of the poſt-office were entire maſters of his letters: he ſaid, he was indifferent; they might do with them what they pleaſed. I added, that he would by that means be cut off from all correſpondence with all his friends: he replied, that he would give a particular direction to ſuch as he deſired to correſpond with. But till his inſtructions for that purpoſe could arrive, what could I do more friendly, than to ſave, at my own expence, his letters from the curioſity and indiſcretion of the clerks of the poſt-office? I am indeed aſhamed to find myſelf obliged to diſcover ſuch petty circumſtances.

Mr. HUME.

him, he could not conceal his eagerneſs to ſee it. One evening in particular I remember a very remarkable circumſtance of this kind, that greatly ſtruck me ‡. As we were ſitting one evening, after ſupper, ſilent by the fire-ſide, I caught his eyes intently fixed on mine, as indeed happened very

‡ It is neceſſary to explain this circumſtance. I had been writing on Mr. Hume's table, during his abſence, an anſwer to a letter I had juſt received. He came in, very curious to know what I had been writing, and hardly able to contain himſelf from deſiring to read it. I cloſed my letter, however, without ſhewing it him; when, as I was putting it into my pocket, he aſked me for it eagerly, ſaying, he would ſend it away on the morrow, being poſt-day. The letter lay on the table. Lord Newnham came in. Mr. Hume went out of the room for a moment; on which I took the letter up again, ſaying I ſhould find time to ſend it the next day. Lord Newnham offered to get it incloſed in the French ambaſſador's packet; which I accepted. Mr. Hume re-entered the moment his lordſhip had incloſed it, and was pulling out his ſeal. Mr. Hume officiouſly offered his own ſeal, and that with ſo much earneſtneſs, that it could not well be refuſed. The bell was rung, and Lord Newnham gave the letter to Mr. Hume's ſervant, to give it his own, who waited below with the chariot, in order to have it ſent to the ambaſſador. Mr. Hume's ſervant was hardly got out of the room, but I ſaid to myſelf, I'll lay a wager the maſter follows. He did not fail to do as I expected. Not knowing how to leave Lord Newnham alone, I ſtaid ſome time, before I followed Mr. Hume. I ſaid nothing; but he muſt perceive that I was uneaſy. Thus, although I have received no anſwer to my letter, I doubt not of its going to hand; but I confeſs, I cannot help ſuſpecting it was read firſt. Mr. ROUSSEAU.

often; and that in a manner of which it is very difficult to give an idea; at that time he gave me a ſtedfaſt, piercing look, mixed with a ſneer, which greatly diſturbed me. To get rid of the embarraſsment I lay under, I endeavoured to look full at him in my turn; but, in fixing my eyes againſt his, I felt the moſt inexpreſſible terror, and was obliged ſoon to turn them away. The ſpeech and phyſiognomy of the good David is that of an honeſt man; but where, great God! did this good man borrow thoſe eyes he fixes ſo ſternly and unaccountably on thoſe of his friends!

The impreſſion of this look remained with me, and gave me much uneaſineſs. My trouble increaſed even to a degree of fainting; and if I had not been relieved by an effuſion of tears, I had been ſuffocated. Preſently after this I was ſeized with the moſt violent remorſe; I even deſpiſed myſelf; till at length, in a tranſport, which I ſtill remember with delight, I ſprang on his neck, embraced him eagerly; while almoſt choked with ſobbing, and bathed in tears, I cried out, in broken accents, *No, no, David Hume cannot be treacherous; if he be not the beſt of men, he muſt be the baſeſt of mankind.* David Hume politely returned my embraces, and gently tapping me on the back, repeated ſeveral times, in a good-natured and eaſy

tone, *Why, what my dear Sir! Nay, my dear Sir! Oh! my dear Sir!* He ſaid nothing more. I felt my heart yearn within me. We went to bed; and I ſet out the next day for the country.

Arrived at this agreeable aſylum, to which I have travelled ſo far in ſearch of repoſe, I ought to find it in a retired, convenient, and pleaſant habitation; the maſter of which, a man of underſtanding and worth, ſpares for nothing to render it agreeable to me. But what repoſe can be taſted in life, when the heart is agitated? Afflicted with the moſt cruel uncertainty, and ignorant what to think of a man whom I ought to love and eſteem, I endeavoured to get rid of that fatal doubt, in placing confidence in my benefactor. For, wherefore, from what unaccountable caprice ſhould he diſplay ſo much apparent zeal for my happineſs, and at the ſame time entertain ſecret deſigns againſt my honour. Among the ſeveral obſervations that diſturbed me, each fact was in itſelf of no great moment; it was their concurrence that was ſurprizing; yet I thought, perhaps, that Mr. Hume, informed of other facts, of which I was ignorant, could have given me a ſatisfactory ſolution of them, had we come to an explanation. The only thing that was inexplicable, was, that he refuſed to come to ſuch

an

an explanation; which both his honour and his friendſhip rendered equally neceſſary. I ſaw very well there was ſomething in the affair which I did not comprehend, and which I earneſtly wiſhed to know. Before I came to an abſolute determination, therefore, with regard to him, I was deſirous of making another effort, and to try to recover him, if he had permitted himſelf to be ſeduced by my enemies, or in ſhort to prevail on him to explain himſelf one way or other. Accordingly I wrote him a letter, which he ought to have found very natural *, if he were guilty; but very extraordinary, if he were innocent. For what could be more extraordinary than a letter full of gratitude for his ſervices, and at the ſame time, of diſtruſt of his ſentiments; and in which, placing in a manner his actions on one ſide, and his ſentiments on the other, inſtead of ſpeaking of the proofs of friendſhip he had given me, I deſired him to love me, for the good he had done me †? I did not take the precaution to pre-

* It appears from what he wrote to me afterwards, that he was very well ſatisfied with this letter, and that he thought of it very well. Mr. ROUSSEAU.

† My anſwer to this is contained in Mr. Rouſſeau's own letter of the 22d of March; wherein he expreſſes himſelf with the utmoſt cordiality, without any reſerve, and without the leaſt appearance of ſuſpicion. Mr. HUME.

ſerve a copy of this letter; but as he hath done it, let him produce it: and whoever ſhall read it, and ſee therein a man labouring under a ſecret trouble, which he is deſirous of expreſſing, and is afraid to do it, will, I am perſuaded, be curious to know what kind of eclairciſſement it produced, eſpecially after the preceeding ſcene. None. Abſolutely none at all. Mr. Hume contented himſelf, in his anſwer, with only ſpeaking of the obliging offices Mr. Davenport propoſed to do for me. As for the reſt, he ſaid not a word of the principal ſubject of my letter, nor of the ſituation of my heart, of whoſe diſtreſs he could not be ignorant. I was more ſtruck with this ſilence, than I had been with his phlegm during our laſt converſation. In this I was wrong; this ſilence was very natural after the other, and was no more than I ought to have expected. For when one hath ventured to declare to a man's face, *I am tempted to believe you a traitor*, and he hath not the curioſity to aſk you *for what* *, it may be depended on he will never have any ſuch curioſity as long as he lives; and it is eaſy to judge of him from theſe ſlight indications.

After the receipt of his letter, which was long delayed, I determined at length to write

* All this hangs upon the fable he had ſo artfully worked up, as I before obſerved. Mr. HUME.

to

to him no more. Soon after, every thing ſerved to confirm me in the reſolution to break off all farther correſpondence with him. Curious to the laſt degree concerning the minuteſt circumſtance of my affairs, he was not content to learn them of me, in our frequent converſations; but, as I learned, never let ſlip an opportunity of being alone with my governante †, to interrogate her even importunately concerning my occupations, my reſources, my friends, acquaintances, their names, ſituations, place of abode, and all this after ſetting out with telling her he was well acquainted with the whole of my connections; nay, with the moſt jeſuitical addreſs, he would aſk the ſame queſtions of us ſeparately. One ought undoubtedly to intereſt one's ſelf in the affairs of a friend; but one ought to be ſatisfied with what he thinks proper to let us know of them, particularly when people are ſo frank and ingenuous as I am. Indeed all this petty inquiſitiveneſs is very little becoming a philoſopher.

About the ſame time I received two other letters which had been opened. The one from Mr. Boſwell, the ſeal of which was ſo

† I had only one ſuch opportunity with his governante, which was on their arrival in London. I muſt own it never entered into my head to talk to her upon any other ſubject than the concerns of Mr. Rouſſeau.

Mr. HUME.

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loose and disfigured, that Mr. Davenport, when he received it, remarked the same to Mr. Hume's servant. The other was from Mr. d'Ivernois, in Mr. Hume's packet, and which had been sealed up again by means of a hot iron, which, aukwardly applied, had burnt the paper round the impression. On this, I wrote to Mr. Davenport to desire him to take charge of all the letters which might be sent for me, and to trust none of them in any body's hands, under any pretext whatever. I know not whether Mr. Davenport, who certainly was far from thinking that precaution was to be observed with regard to Mr. Hume, showed him my letter or not; but this I know, that the latter had all the reason in the world to think he had forfeited my confidence, and that he proceeded nevertheless in his usual manner, without troubling himself about the recovery of it.

But what was to become of me, when I saw, in the public papers, the pretended letter of the King of Prussia, which I had never before seen, that fictitious letter, printed in French and English, given for genuine, even with the signature of the King, and in which I knew the pen of Mr. d'Alembert as certainly as if I had seen him write it *?

* See Mr. d'Alembert's declaration on this head, annexed to this narrative.

In a moment a ray of light diſcovered to me the ſecret cauſe of that touching and ſudden change, which I had obſerved in the public reſpecting me; and I ſaw the plot which was put in execution at London, had been laid in Paris.

Mr. d'Alembert, another intimate friend of Mr. Hume's, had been long ſince my ſecret enemy, and lay in watch for opportunities to injure me without expoſing himſelf. He was the only perſon, among the men of letters, of my old acquaintance, who did not come to ſee me †, or ſend their civilities during my laſt paſſage through Paris. I knew his ſecret diſpoſition, but I gave myſelf very little trouble about it, contenting myſelf with adviſing my friends of it occaſionally. I remember that being aſked about him one day by Mr. Hume, who afterwards aſked my governante the ſame queſtion, I told him that Mr. d'Alembert was a cunning, artful man. He contradicted me with a warmth that ſurprized me; not then knowing they ſtood ſo well with each other, and that it was his own cauſe he defended.

† Mr. Rouſſeau declares himſelf to have been fatigued with the viſits he received; ought he therefore to complain that Mr. d'Alembert, whom he did not like, did not importune him with his? Mr. Hume.

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The peruſal of the letter above mentioned alarmed me a good deal, when, perceiving that I had been brought over to England in conſequence of a project which began to be put in execution, but of the end of which I was ignorant, I felt the danger without knowing what to guard againſt, or on whom to rely. I then recollected four terrifying words Mr. Hume had made uſe of, and of which I ſhall ſpeak hereafter. What could be thought of a paper in which my misfortunes were imputed to me as a crime, which tended, in the midſt of my diſtreſs, to deprive me of all compaſſion, and, to render its effects ſtill more cruel, pretended to have been written by a Prince who had afforded me protection? What could I divine would be the conſequence of ſuch a beginning? The people in England read the public papers, and are in no wiſe prepoſſeſſed in favour of foreigners. Even a coat, cut in a different faſhion from their own, is ſufficient to excite a prejudice againſt them. What then had not a poor ſtranger to expect in his rural walks, the only pleaſures of his life, when the good people in the neighbourhood were once thoroughly perſuaded he was fond of being perſecuted and pelted? Doubtleſs they would be ready enough to contribute to his favourite amuſement. But my concern, my profound and cruel concern, the bittereſt indeed

deed I ever felt, did not ariſe from the danger to which I was perſonally expoſed. I had braved too many others to be much moved with that. The treachery of a falſe friend * to which I had fallen a prey, was the circumſtance that filled my too ſuſceptible heart with deadly ſorrow. In the impetuoſity of its firſt emotions, of which I never yet was maſter, and of which my enemies have artfully taken the advantage, I wrote ſeveral letters full of diſorder, in which I did not diſguiſe either my anxiety or indignation.

I have, Sir, ſo many things to mention, that I forget half of them by the way. For inſtance, a certain narrative in form of a letter, concerning my manner of living at Montmorency, was given by the bookſellers to Mr. Hume, who ſhewed it me. I agreed to its being printed, and Mr. Hume undertook the care of its edition; but it never appeared. Again, I had brought over with me a copy of the letters of Mr. du Peyrou, containing a relation of the treatment I had met

* This *falſe friend*, is, undoubtedly, myſelf. But what is the treachery? What harm have I done, or could I do to Mr. Rouſſeau? On the ſuppoſition of my entering into a project to ruin him, how could I think to bring it about by the ſervices I did him? If Mr. Rouſſeau ſhould gain credit, I muſt be thought ſtill more weak than wicked. Mr. HUME.

with

with at Neufchatel. I gave them into the hands of the ſame bookſeller to have them tranſlated and reprinted. Mr. Hume charged himſelf with the care of them; but they never appeared †. The ſuppoſititious letter of the King of Pruſſia, and its tranſlation, had no ſooner made their appearance, than I immediately comprehended why the other pieces had been ſuppreſſed ‡, and I wrote as much to the bookſellers ‖. I wrote ſeveral other

† The bookſellers have lately informed me that the edition is finiſhed, and will ſhortly be publiſhed. This may be; but it is too late, and what is ſtill worſe, it is too opportune for the purpoſe intended to be ſerved.

Mr. ROUSSEAU.

‡ It is about four months ſince Mr. Becket, the bookſeller, told Mr. Rouſſeau that the publication of theſe pieces was delayed on account of the indiſpoſition of the tranſlator. As for any thing elſe, I never promiſed to take any charge at all of the edition, as Mr. Becket can teſtify. Mr. HUME.

‖ As to Mr. Rouſſeau's ſuſpicions of the cauſe of the *ſuppreſſion*, as he calls it, of the Narrative and Letters above mentioned, the tranſlator thinks it incumbent on him to affirm, they were entirely groundleſs. It is true, as Mr. Becket told Mr. Hume, that the tranſlator of the letters was indiſpoſed about that time. But the principal cauſe of the delay was, that he was of his own mere motion, no leſs indiſpoſed to thoſe pieces making their appearance in Engliſh at * all; and this not out of ill

* For, ſo far were the bookſellers from intending to *ſuppreſs* theſe pieces, that they actually reprinted the French edition of Peyrou's letters, and publiſhed it in London.

other letters alſo, which probably were handed about London; till at length I employed the credit of a man of quality and merit, to inſert a declaration of the impoſture in the public papers. In this declaration, I concealed no part of my extreme concern; nor did I in the leaſt diſguiſe the cauſe.

Hitherto Mr. Hume ſeems to have walked in darkneſs. You will ſoon ſee him appear

ill will to Mr. Rouſſeau, or good will to Mr. Hume, neither of which he ever ſaw, or ſpoke to, in his life; but really out of regard to the character and reputation of a man, whoſe genius he admired, and whoſe works he had tranſlated: well knowing the publication of ſuch ſquabbles could do Mr. Rouſſeau no good in the opinion of the more judicious and ſenſible part of mankind. With regard to the tranſlation of the Narrative of his manner of living at Montmorency, I never ſaw it till it was actually printed; when Mr. Becket put it into my hands, and I frankly told him that I thought it a very unſeaſonable, puerile affair, and could by no means ſerve to advance Mr. Rouſſeau's eſtimation in the eyes of the public. It was certainly of great importance to the good people of England, to know how Mr. Rouſſeau amuſed himſelf 7 or 8 years ago at Montmorency, that he cooked his own broth, and did not leave it to the management of his nurſe, for fear ſhe ſhould have a better dinner than himſelf! Yet this is one of the moſt remarkable circumſtances contained in that narrative, except indeed that we are told, Mr. Rouſſeau is a moſt paſſionate admirer of virtue, and that his eyes always ſparkle at the bare mention of that word —O Virtue! how greatly is thy name proſtituted! And how fair, from the teeth outward, are thy nominal votaries!

Engliſh tranſlator.

in open day, and act without diſguiſe. Nothing more is neceſſary, in our behaviour toward cunning people, than to act ingenuouſly; ſooner or later they will infallibly betray themſelves.

When this pretended letter from the King of Pruſſia was firſt publiſhed in London, Mr. Hume, who certainly knew that it was fictitious, as I had told him ſo, yet ſaid nothing of the matter, did not write to me, but was totally ſilent; and did not even think of making any declaration of the truth, in favour of his abſent friend *. It anſwered his purpoſe better to let the report take its courſe, as he did.

Mr. Hume having been my conductor into England, he was of courſe in a manner my patron and protector. If it were but natural in him to undertake my defence, it was no leſs ſo that, when I had a public proteſtation to make, I ſhould have addreſſed myſelf to him. Having already ceaſed writing to him †, however, I had no mind to renew our correſpondence. I addreſſed myſelf therefore to another perſon. The firſt

* No body could poſſibly be miſtaken with regard to the letter's being fictitious; beſides it was well known that Mr. Walpole was the author of it. Mr. Hume.

† Mr. Rouſſeau forgets himſelf here. It was but a week before that he wrote me a very friendly letter. See his letter of the 29th of March. Mr. Hume.

ſlap

ſlap on the face I gave my patron. He felt nothing of it.

In ſaying the letter was fabricated at Paris, it was of very little conſequence to me whether it was underſtood particularly of Mr. d'Alembert, or of Mr. Walpole, whoſe name he borrowed on the occaſion. But in adding that, what afflicted and tore my heart was, the impoſtor had got his accomplices in England; I expreſſed myſelf very clearly to their friend, who was in London, and was deſirous of paſſing for mine. For certainly he was the only perſon in England, whoſe hatred could afflict and rend my heart. This was the ſecond ſlap of the face I gave my patron. He did not feel, however, yet.

On the contrary, he maliciouſly pretended that my affliction aroſe ſolely from the publication of the above letter, in order to make me paſs for a man who was exceſſively affected by ſatire. Whether I am vain or not, certain it is I was mortally afflicted; he knew it, and yet wrote me not a word. This affectionate friend, who had ſo much at heart the filling of my purſe, gave himſelf no trouble to think my heart was bleeding with ſorrow.

Another piece appeared ſoon after, in the ſame papers, by the author of the former, and ſtill if poſſible more cruel; in which the writer could not diſguiſe his rage at the recep-

tion I met with at Paris *. This however did not affect me; it told me nothing new. Mere libels may take their courſe without giving me any emotion; and the inconſtant public may amuſe themſelves as long as they pleaſe with the ſubject. It is not an affair of conſpirators, who, bent on the deſtruction of my honeſt fame, are determined by ſome means or other to effect it. It was neceſſary to change the battery.

The affair of the penſion was not determined. It was not difficult, however, for Mr. Hume to obtain, from the humanity of the miniſter, and the generoſity of the King, the favour of its determination. He was required to inform me of it, which he did. This, I muſt confeſs, was one of the critical moments of my life. How much did it coſt me to do my duty! My preceding engagements, the neceſſity of ſhewing a due reſpect for the goodneſs of the King, and for that of his miniſter, together with the deſire of diſplaying how far I was ſenſible of both; add to theſe the advantage of being made a little more eaſy in circumſtances in the decline of life, ſurrounded as I was by enemies and evils; in fine, the embarraſſment I was under to find a decent excuſe for not accept-

* I know nothing of this pretended libel.
Mr. Hume.

ing a benefit already half accepted; all theſe together made the neceſſity of that refuſal very difficult and cruel: for neceſſary it was, or I ſhould have been one of the meaneſt and baſeſt of mankind to have voluntarily laid myſelf under an obligation to a man who had betrayed me.

I did my duty, though not without reluctance. I wrote immediately to General Conway, and in the moſt civil and reſpectful manner poſſible, without giving an abſolute refuſal, excuſing myſelf from accepting the penſion for the preſent.

Now, Mr. Hume had been the only negotiator of this affair, nay the only perſon who had ſpoke of it. Yet I not only did not give him any anſwer, though it was he who wrote to me on the ſubject, but did not even ſo much as mention him in my letter to General Conway. This was the third ſlap of the face I gave my patron; which if he does not feel, it is certainly his own fault, he can feel nothing.

My letter was not clear, nor could it be ſo to General Conway, who did not know the motives of my refuſal; but it was very plain to Mr. Hume, who knew them but too well. He pretended nevertheleſs to be deceived as well with regard to the cauſe of my diſcontent, as to that of my declining the penſion; and, in a letter he wrote me on the occaſion,

gave me to underſtand that the king's goodneſs might be continued towards me, if I ſhould reconſider the affair of the penſion. In a word he ſeemed determined, at all events, to remain ſtill my patron, in ſpite of my teeth. You will imagine, Sir, he did not expect my anſwer; and he had none. Much about this time, for I do not know exactly the date, nor is ſuch preciſion neceſſary, appeared a letter, from Mr. de Voltaire to me, with an Engliſh tranſlation, which ſtill improved on the original. The noble object of this ingenious performance, was to draw on me the hatred and contempt of the people, among whom I was come to reſide. I made not the leaſt doubt that my dear patron was one of the inſtruments of its publication; particularly when I ſaw that the writer, in endeavouring to alienate from me thoſe who might render my life agreeable, had omitted the name of him who brought me over. He doubtleſs knew that it was ſuperfluous, and that with regard to him, nothing more was neceſſary to be ſaid. The omiſſion of his name, ſo impoliticly forgot in this letter, recalled to my mind what Tacitus ſays of the picture of Brutus, omitted in a funeral ſolemnity, viz. that every body took notice of it, particularly becauſe it was not there.

Mr. Hume was not mentioned; but he lives and converſes with people that are mentioned.

tioned. It is well known his friends are all my enemies; there are abroad ſuch people as Tronchin, d'Alembert, and Voltaire *; but it is much worſe in London; for here I have no enemies but what are his friends. For why, indeed, ſhould I have any other! Why ſhould I have even them †? What have I done to Lord Littleton ‡, whom I don't

* I have never been ſo happy as to meet with Mr. de Voltaire; he only did me the honour to write me a letter about three years ago. As to Mr. Tronchin, I never ſaw him in my life, nor ever had any correſpondence with him. Of Mr. d'Alembert's friendſhip, indeed, I am proud to make a boaſt.

Mr. Hume.

† Why indeed? except that ſenſible people in England are averſe to affectation and quackery. Thoſe who ſee and deſpiſe theſe moſt in Mr. Rouſſeau, are not, however, his *enemies*; perhaps, if he could be brought to think ſo, they are his beſt and trueſt friends.

Engliſh tranſlator.

‡ Mr. Rouſſeau, ſeeing the letter addreſſed to him in the name of Voltaire advertiſed in the public papers, wrote to Mr. Davenport, who was then in London, to deſire he would bring it him. I told Mr. Davenport that the printed copy was very faulty, but that I would aſk of Lord Littleton a manuſcript copy, which was correct. This is ſufficient to make Mr. Rouſſeau conclude that Lord Littleton is his mortal enemy, and my intimate friend; and that we are in a conſpiracy againſt him. He ought rather to have concluded that the printed copy could not come from me.

Mr. Hume.

The piece above mentioned was ſhewn to the *Tranſlator* before its publication, and many abſurd liberties

don't even know? What have I done to Mr. Walpole, whom I know full as little? What do they know of me, except that I am unhappy, and a friend to their friend Hume? What can he have ſaid to them, for it is only through him they know any thing of me? I can very well imagine that, conſidering the part he has to play, he does not unmaſk himſelf to every body; for then he would be diſguiſed to no body. I can very well imagine, that he does not ſpeak of me to General Conway and the Duke of Richmond, as he does in his private converſations with Mr. Walpole, and his ſecret correſpondence with Mr. d'Alembert; but let any one diſcover the clue that hath been unravelled ſince my arrival in London, and it will eaſily be ſeen whether Mr. Hume does not hold the principal thread.

At length the moment arrived in which it was thought proper to ſtrike the great blow; the effect of which was prepared for, by a freſh, ſatirical piece, put in the papers *.

Had

taken with the original pointed out and cenſured. At which time there did not appear, from the parties concerned in it, that Mr. Hume could have had the leaſt hand in, or could have known any thing of the edition.

Engliſh tranſlator.

* I have never ſeen this piece, neither before nor after its publication; nor has it come to the knowlege of any body to whom I have ſpoken of it.

Mr. HUME.

The

Had there remained in me the leaſt doubt, it would have been impoſſible to have harboured it after peruſing this piece; as it contained facts unknown to any body but Mr. Hume; exaggerated, it is true, in order to render them odious to the public.

It is ſaid, in this paper, that my door was opened to the rich, and ſhut to the poor. Pray who knows when my door was open or ſhut, except Mr. Hume, with whom I lived, and by whom every body was introduced that I ſaw? I will except one great perſonage, whom I gladly received without knowing him, and whom I ſhould ſtill have more gladly received if I had known him. It was Mr. Hume who told me his name, when he was gone; on which information, I was really chagrined that, as he deigned to mount up two pair of ſtairs, he was not received in the firſt floor. As to the poor, I have nothing to ſay about the matter. I was conſtantly deſirous of ſeeing leſs company; but as I was unwilling to diſpleaſe any one, I ſuffered myſelf to be directed in this affair altogether by Mr. Hume, and endeavoured to receive every body he introduced

The *tranſlator*, who has been attentive to every thing that has come out from, or about Mr. Rouſſeau, knows alſo nothing of this piece. Why did not Mr. Rouſſeau mention particularly in what paper, and when it appeared? *Engliſh tranſlator.*

as well as I could, without diſtinction, whether rich or poor. It is ſaid in the ſame piece, that I received my relations very coldly, *not to ſay any thing worſe*. This general charge relates to my having once received with ſome indifference the only relation I have, out of Geneva, and that in the preſence of Mr. Hume *. It muſt neceſſarily be either Mr. Hume or this relation who furniſhed that piece of intelligence. Now, my couſin, whom I have always known for a friendly relation, and a worthy man, is incapable of furniſhing materials for public ſatires againſt me. Add to this, that his ſituation in life confining him to the converſation of perſons in trade, he has no connection with men of letters, or paragraph-writers, and ſtill leſs with ſatiriſts and libellers. So that the article could not come from him. At the worſt, can I help imagining that Mr. Hume muſt have endeavoured to take advantage of what he ſaid, and conſtrued it in favour of his own purpoſe? It is not improper to add, that after my rupture with Mr. Hume, I wrote an account of it to my couſin.

* I was not preſent when Mr. Rouſſeau received his couſin: I only juſt ſaw them afterwards together for about a minute on the terrace in Buckingham-ſtreet.
Mr. Hume.

In fine, it is ſaid in the ſame paper, that I am apt to change my friends. No great ſubtlety is neceſſary to comprehend what this reflection is preparative to.

But let us diſtinguiſh facts. I have preſerved ſome very valuable and ſolid friends for twenty-five to thirty years. I have others whoſe friendſhip is of a later date, but no leſs valuable, and which if I live, I may preſerve ſtill longer. I have not found, indeed, the ſame ſecurity in general among thoſe friendſhips I have made with men of letters. I have for this reaſon ſometimes changed them, and ſhall always change them, when they appear ſuſpicious; for I am determined never to have friends by way of ceremony; I have them only with a view to ſhew them my affection.

If ever I was fully and clearly convinced of any thing, I am ſo convinced that Mr. Hume furniſhed the materials for the above paper.

But what is ſtill more, I have not only that abſolute conviction, but it is very clear to me that Mr. Hume intended I ſhould: For how can it be ſuppoſed that a man of his ſubtlety ſhould be ſo imprudent as to expoſe himſelf thus, if he had not intended it? What was his deſign in it? Nothing is more clear than this. It was to raiſe my reſentment to the higheſt pitch, that he might

might ſtrike the blow he was preparing to give me with greater eclat. He knew he had nothing more to do than to put me in a paſſion, and I ſhould be guilty of a number of abſurdities. We are now arrived at the critical moment which is to ſhew whether he reaſoned well or ill.

It is neceſſary to have all the preſence of mind, all the phlegm and reſolution of Mr. Hume, to be able to take the part he hath taken, after all that has paſſed between us. In the embarraſſment I was under, in writing to General Conway, I could make uſe only of obſcure expreſſions; to which Mr. Hume, in quality of my friend, gave what interpretation he pleaſed. Suppoſing therefore, for he knew very well to the contrary, that it was the circumſtance of ſecrecy which gave me uneaſineſs, he obtained the promiſe of the General to endeavour to remove it: but before any thing was done, it was previouſly neceſſary to know whether I would accept of the penſion without that condition, in order not to expoſe his Majeſty to a ſecond refuſal.

This was the deciſive moment, the end and object of all his labours. An anſwer was required; he would have it. To prevent effectually indeed my neglect of it, he ſent to Mr. Davenport a duplicate of his letter to me; and, not content with this

pre-

precaution, wrote me word, in another billet, that he could not poſſibly ſtay any longer in London to ſerve me. I was giddy with amazement, on reading this note. Never in my life did I meet with any thing ſo unaccountable.

At length he obtained from me the ſo much deſired anſwer, and began preſently to triumph. In writing to Mr. Davenport, he treated me as a monſter of brutality and ingratitude. But he wanted to do ſtill more. He thinks his meaſures well taken; no proof can be made to appear againſt him. He demands an explanation; he ſhall have it, and here it is.

That laſt ſtroke was a maſter-piece. He himſelf proves every thing, and that beyond reply.

I will ſuppoſe, though by way of impoſſibility, that my complaints againſt Mr. Hume never reached his ears; that he knew nothing of them; but was as perfectly ignorant as if he had held no cabal with thoſe who are acquainted with them, but had reſided all the while in China *. Yet the behaviour paſſing directly between us; the

* How was it poſſible for me to gueſs at ſuch chimerical ſuſpicions? Mr. Davenport, the only perſon of my acquaintance who then ſaw Mr. Rouſſeau, aſſures me, that he was perfectly ignorant of them himſelf. Mr. HUME.

laſt

laſt ſtriking words, which I ſaid to him in London; the letter which followed replete with fears and anxiety; my perſevering ſilence ſtill more expreſſive than words; my public and bitter complaints with regard to the letter of Mr. d'Alembert; my letter to the Secretary of State, who did not write to me, in anſwer to that which Mr. Hume wrote to me himſelf, and in which I did not mention him; and in fine my refuſal, without deigning to addreſs myſelf to him, to acquieſce in an affair which he had managed in my favour, with my own privity, and without any oppoſition on my part: all this muſt have ſpoken in a very forcible manner, I will not ſay to any perſon of the leaſt ſenſibility, but to every man of common ſenſe.

Strange that, after I had ceaſed to correſpond with him for three months, when I had made no anſwer to any one of his letters, however important the ſubject of it, ſurrounded with both public and private marks of that affliction which his infidelity gave me; a man of ſo enlightened an underſtanding, of ſo penetrating a genius by nature, and ſo dull by deſign, ſhould ſee nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing, be moved at nothing; but, without one word of complaint, juſtification, or explanation, continue to give me the moſt preſſing marks of his good will to ſerve me, in ſpite of myſelf! He wrote to

me

me affectionately, that he could not ſtay any longer in London to do me ſervice, as if we had agreed that he ſhould ſtay there for that purpoſe! This blindneſs, this inſenſibility, this perſeverance, are not in nature; they muſt be accounted for, therefore, from other motives. Let us ſet this behaviour in a ſtill clearer light; for this is the deciſive point.

Mr. Hume muſt neceſſarily have acted in this affair, either as one of the firſt or laſt of mankind. There is no medium. It remains to determine which of the two it hath been.

Could Mr. Hume, after ſo many inſtances of diſdain on my part, have ſtill the aſtoniſhing generoſity as to perſevere ſincerely to ſerve me? He knew it was impoſſible for me to accept his good offices, ſo long as I entertained for him ſuch ſentiments as I had conceived. He had himſelf avoided an explanation. So that to ſerve me without juſtifying himſelf, would have been to render his ſervices uſeleſs; this therefore was no generoſity. If he ſuppoſed that in ſuch circumſtances I ſhould have accepted his ſervices, he muſt have ſuppoſed me to have been an infamous ſcoundrel. It was then in behalf of a man whom he ſuppoſed to be a ſcoundrel, that he ſo warmly ſolicited a penſion from his Majeſty. Can any thing be ſuppoſed more extravagant?

But let it be ſuppoſed that Mr. Hume, conſtantly purſuing his plan, ſhould only have ſaid to himſelf, This is the moment for its execution; for, by preſſing Rouſſeau to accept the penſion, he will be reduced either to accept or refuſe it. If he accepts it, with the proofs I have in hand againſt him, I ſhall be able compleatly to diſgrace him: if he refuſes, after having accepted it, he will have no pretext, but muſt give a reaſon for ſuch refuſal. This is what I expect; if he accuſes me he is ruined.

If, I ſay, Mr. Hume reaſoned with himſelf in this manner, he did what was conſiſtent with his plan, and in that caſe very natural; indeed this is the only way in which his conduct in this affair can be explained, for upon any other ſuppoſition it is inexplicable: if this be not demonſtrable, nothing ever was ſo. The critical ſituation to which he had now reduced me, recalled ſtrongly to my mind the four words I mentioned above; and which I heard him ſay and repeat, at a time when I did not comprehend their full force. It was the firſt night after our departure from Paris. We ſlept in the ſame chamber, when, during the night, I heard him ſeveral times cry out with great vehemence, in the French language, *Je tiens J. J. Rouſſeau.* [I have you, Rouſſeau.]

I know

I know not whether he was awake or aſleep*.

The expreſſion was remarkable, coming from a man who is too well acquainted with the French language, to be miſtaken with regard to the force or choice of words. I took thoſe words however, and I could not then take them otherwiſe than in a favourable ſenſe: notwithſtanding the tone of voice in which they were ſpoken, was ſtill leſs favourable than the expreſſion. It is indeed impoſſible for me to give any idea of it; but it correſponds exactly with thoſe terrible looks I have before mentioned. At every repetition of them I was ſeized with a ſhuddering, a kind of horror I could not reſiſt; though a moment's recollection reſtored me, and made me ſmile at my terror. The next day all this was ſo perfectly obliterated, that I did not even once think of it during my ſtay in London, and its neighbourhood. It was not till my arrival in this place, that ſo many things have contributed to recall theſe words to mind; and indeed recall them every moment.

* I cannot anſwer for every thing I may ſay in my ſleep, and much leſs am I conſcious whether or not I dream in French. But pray, as Mr. Rouſſeau did not know whether I was aſleep or awake, when I pronounced thoſe terrible words, with ſuch a terrible voice, how is he certain that he himſelf was well awake when he heard them? Mr. Hume.

Theſe

Theſe words, the tone of which dwells on my heart, as if I had but juſt heard them; thoſe long and fatal looks ſo frequently caſt on me; the patting me on the back, with the repetition of *O, my dear Sir*, in anſwer to my ſuſpicions of his being a traitor: all this affects me to ſuch a degree, after what preceded, that this recollection, had I no other, would be ſufficient to prevent any reconciliation or return of confidence between us; not a night indeed paſſes over my head, but I think I hear, *Rouſſeau, I have you*, ring in my ears as if he had juſt pronounced them.

Yes, Mr. Hume, I know you *have me*; but that only by mere externals: you have me in the public opinion and judgment of mankind. You have my reputation, and perhaps my ſecurity, to do with as you will. The general prepoſſeſſion is in your favour; it will be very eaſy for you to make me paſs for the monſter you have begun to repreſent me; and I already ſee the barbarous exultation of my implacable enemies. The public will no longer ſpare me. Without any farther examination, every body is on the ſide of thoſe who have conferred favours; becauſe each is deſirous to attract the ſame good offices, by diſplaying a ſenſibility of the obligation. I foreſee readily the conſequences of all this, particularly in the country to

which you have conducted me; and where, being without friends and an utter ſtranger to every body, I lie almoſt entirely at your mercy. The ſenſible part of mankind, however, will comprehend that I muſt be ſo far from ſeeking this affair, that nothing more diſagreeable or terrible could poſſibly have happened to me in my preſent ſituation. They will perceive that nothing but my invincible averſion to all kind of falſhood; and the poſſibility of my profeſſing a regard for a perſon who had forfeited it, could have prevented my diſſimulation, at a time when it was on ſo many accounts my intereſt. But the ſenſible part of mankind are few, nor do they make the greateſt noiſe in the world.

Yes, Mr. Hume, you *have me* by all the ties of this life; but you have no power over my probity or my fortitude, which, being independent either of you or of mankind, I will preſerve in ſpite of you. Think not to frighten me with the fortune that awaits me. I know the opinions of mankind; I am accuſtomed to their injuſtice, and have learned to care little about it. If you have taken your reſolution, as I have reaſon to believe you have, be aſſured mine is taken alſo. I am feeble indeed in body, but never poſſeſſed greater ſtrength of mind.

Mankind may ſay and do what they will, it is of little conſequence to me. What is of

conſequence, however, is, that I ſhould end as I have begun; that I ſhould continue to preſerve my ingenuouſneſs and integrity to the end, whatever may happen; and that I ſhould have no cauſe to reproach myſelf either with meanneſs in adverſity, or inſolence in proſperity. Whatever diſgrace attends, or misfortune threatens me, I am ready to meet them. Though I am to be pitied, I am much leſs ſo than you, and all the revenge I ſhall take on you, is, to leave you the tormenting conſciouſneſs of being obliged, in ſpite of yourſelf, to have a reſpect for the unfortunate perſon you have oppreſſed.

In cloſing this letter, I am ſurprized at my having been able to write it. If it were poſſible to die with grief, every line was ſufficient to kill me with ſorrow. Every circumſtance of the affair is equally incomprehenſible. Such conduct as yours hath been, is not in nature: it is contradictory to itſelf, and yet it is demonſtrable to me that it has been ſuch as I conceive. On each ſide of me there is a bottomleſs abyſs! and I am loſt in one or the other.

If you are guilty, I am the moſt unfortunate of mankind; if you are innocent, I am the moſt culpable *. You even make

* And does it depend on an *if*, after all Mr. R's poſitive conviction, and abſolute demonſtrations? *Engliſh tranſ.*

me deſire to be that contemptible object. Yes, the ſituation to which you ſee me reduced, proſtrate at your feet, crying out for mercy, and doing every thing to obtain it; publiſhing aloud my own unworthineſs, and paying the moſt explicit homage to your virtues, would be a ſtate of joy and cordial effuſion, after the grievous ſtate of reſtraint and mortification into which you have plunged me. I have but a word more to ſay. If you are guilty, write to me no more; it would be ſuperfluous, for certainly you could not deceive me. If you are innocent, juſtify yourſelf. I know my duty, I love, and ſhall always love it, however difficult and ſevere. There is no ſtate of abjection that a heart, not formed for it, may not recover from. Once again, I ſay, if you are innocent, deign to juſtify yourſelf; if you are not, adieu for ever.

J. J. R.

I heſitated ſome time whether I ſhould make any reply to this ſtrange memorial. At length I determined to write to Mr. Rouſſeau the following letter.

Mr. HUME to Mr. ROUSSEAU.

Liſle-ſtreet, Leiceſter-fields, July 22, 1766.

SIR,

I SHALL only anſwer one article of your long letter: it is that which regards the converſation between us the evening before your departure. Mr. Davenport had imagined a good natured artifice, to make you believe that a retour chaiſe had offered for Wooton; and I believe he made an advertiſement be put in the papers, in order the better to deceive you. His purpoſe only was to ſave you ſome expences in the journey, which I thought a laudable project; though I had no hand either in contriving or conducting it. You entertained, however, ſuſpicions of his deſign, while we were ſitting alone by my fire-ſide; and you reproached me with concurring in it. I endeavoured to pacify you, and to divert the diſcourſe; but to no purpoſe. You ſat ſullen, and was either ſilent, or made me very peeviſh anſwers. At laſt you roſe up, and took a turn or two about the room; when all of a ſudden, and to my great ſurpriſe, you clapped yourſelf on my knee, threw your arms about my neck, kiſſed me with ſeeming ardour,

and bedewed my face with tears. You exclaimed, "My dear friend, can you ever "pardon this folly! After all the pains you "have taken to ſerve me, after the num-"berleſs inſtances of friendſhip you have "given me, here I reward you with this ill "humour and ſullenneſs. But your for-"giveneſs of me will be a new inſtance of "your friendſhip; and I hope you will find "at bottom, that my heart is not unwor-"thy of it."

I was very much affected, I own; and, I believe, there paſſed a very tender ſcene between us. You added, by way of compliment, that though I had many better titles to recommend me to poſterity, yet perhaps my uncommon attachment and friendſhip to a poor unhappy perſecuted man, would not altogether be overlooked.

This incident, Sir, was ſomewhat remarkable; and it is impoſſible that either you or I could ſo ſoon have forgot it. But you have had the aſſurance to tell me the ſtory twice in a manner ſo different, or rather ſo oppoſite, that when I perſiſt, as I do, in this account, it neceſſarily follows, that either you or I are a liar. You imagine, perhaps, that becauſe the incident paſſed privately without a witneſs, the queſtion will lie between the credibility of your aſſertion and of mine. But you ſhall not have this advantage or diſad-

vantage, which ever you are pleaſed to term it. I ſhall produce againſt you other proofs, which will put the matter beyond controverſy.

Firſt, You are not aware, that I have a letter under your hand, which is totally irreconcilable with your account, and confirms mine *.

Secondly, I told the ſtory the next day, or the day after, to Mr. Davenport, with a friendly view of preventing any ſuch good natured artifices for the future. He ſurely remembers it.

Thirdly, As I thought the ſtory much to your honour, I told it to ſeveral of my friends here. I even wrote it to Mde. de Boufflers at Paris. I believe no one will imagine, that I was preparing before-hand an apology, in caſe of a rupture with you; which, of all human events, I ſhould then have thought the moſt incredible, eſpecially as we were ſeparated almoſt for ever, and I ſtill continued to render you the moſt eſſential ſervices.

Fourthly, The ſtory, as I tell it, is conſiſtent and rational: there is not common ſenſe in your account. What! becauſe

* That of the 22d of March, which is entirely cordial; and proves that Mr. Rouſſeau had never, till that moment, entertained, or at leaſt diſcovered, the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion againſt me. There is alſo in the ſame letter, a peeviſh paſſage about the hire of a chaiſe.

Mr. Hume.

ſometimes,

ſometimes, when abſent in thought, I have a fixed look or ſtare, you ſuſpect me to be a traitor, and you have the aſſurance to tell me of ſuch black and ridiculous ſuſpicions! Are not moſt ſtudious men (and many of them more than I) ſubject to ſuch reveries or fits of abſence, without being expoſed to ſuch ſuſpicions? You do not even pretend that, before you left London, you had any other ſolid grounds of ſuſpicion againſt me.

I ſhall enter into no detail with regard to your letter: the other articles of it are as much without foundation as you yourſelf know this to be. I ſhall only add, in general, that I enjoyed about a month ago an uncommon pleaſure, when I reflected, that through many difficulties, and by moſt aſſiduous care and pains, I had, beyond my moſt ſanguine expectations, provided for your repoſe, honour and fortune. But I ſoon felt a very ſenſible uneaſineſs when I found that you had wantonly and voluntarily thrown away all theſe advantages, and was become the declared enemy of your own repoſe, fortune, and honour: I cannot be ſurprized after this that you are my enemy. Adieu, and for ever. I am, Sir, yours,

D. H.

To all theſe papers, I need only ſubjoin the following letter of Mr. Walpole to me,

which proves how ignorant and innocent I am of the whole matter of the King of Pruſſia's letter.

Mr. WALPOLE to Mr. HUME.

Arlington Street, July 26, 1766.

I CANNOT be preciſe as to the time of my writing the King of Pruſſia's letter, but I do aſſure you, with the utmoſt truth, that it was ſeveral days before you left Paris, and before Rouſſeau's arrival there, of which I can give you a ſtrong proof; for I not only ſuppreſſed the letter while you ſtaid there, out of delicacy to you, but it was the reaſon why, out of delicacy to myſelf, I did not go to ſee him, as you often propoſed to me; thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial viſit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear Sir, to make uſe of what I ſay in your juſtification, either to Rouſſeau or any body elſe. I ſhould be very ſorry to have you blamed on my account: I have a hearty contempt of Rouſſeau, and am perfectly indifferent what any body thinks of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their poſſeſſor, if he

is

is a mountebank. If he has a bad and moſt ungrateful heart, as Rouſſeau has ſhown in your caſe, into the bargain, he will have my ſcorn likewiſe, as he will of all good and ſenſible men. You may truſt your ſentence to ſuch, who are as reſpectable judges as any that have pored over ten thouſand more volumes.

Yours moſt ſincerely,

H. W.

Thus I have given a narrative, as conciſe as poſſible, of this extraordinary affair, which I am told has very much attracted the attention of the public, and which contains more unexpected incidents than any other in which I was ever engaged. The perſons to whom I have ſhown the original papers which authenticate the whole, have differed very much in their opinion, as well of the uſe I ought to make of them as of Mr. Rouſſeau's preſent ſentiments and ſtate of mind. Some of them have maintained, that he is altogether inſincere in his quarrel with me, and his opinion of my guilt, and that the whole proceeds from that exceſſive pride which forms the baſis of his character, and which leads him both to ſeek the eclat of refuſing the King of England's bounty, and to ſhake off the intolerable burthen of an obligation to me, by every ſacrifice of honour, truth, and friendſhip, as well as of intereſt. They found

found their ſentiments on the abſurdity of that firſt ſuppoſition on which he grounds his anger, viz. that Mr. Walpole's letter, which he knew had been every where diſperſed both in Paris and London, was given to the preſs by me; and as this ſuppoſition is contrary to common ſenſe on the one hand, and not ſupported even by the pretence of the ſlighteſt probability on the other, they conclude, that it never had any weight even with the perſon himſelf who lays hold of it. They confirm their ſentiments by the number of fictions and lies, which he employs to juſtify his anger; fictions with regard to points, in which it is impoſſible for him to be miſtaken. They alſo remark his real chearfulneſs and gaiety, amidſt the deep melancholy with which he pretended to be oppreſſed. Not to mention the abſurd reaſoning which runs through the whole, and on which it is impoſſible for any man to reſt his conviction; and though a very important intereſt is here abandoned, yet money is not univerſally the chief object with mankind; vanity weighs farther with ſome men, particularly with this philoſopher; and the very oſtentation of refuſing a penſion from the King of England, an oſtentation which, with regard to other Princes, he has often ſought, might be of itſelf a ſufficient motive for his preſent conduct.

There

There are others of my friends, who regard this whole affair in a more compaſſionate light, and conſider Mr. Rouſſeau as an object rather of pity than of anger. They ſuppoſe the ſame domineering pride and ingratitude to be the baſis of his character; but they are alſo willing to believe, that his brain has received a ſenſible ſhock, and that his judgment, ſet afloat, is carried to every ſide, as it is puſhed by the current of his humours and of his paſſions. The abſurdity of his belief is no proof of its inſincerity. He imagines himſelf the ſole important being in the univerſe: he fancies all mankind to be in a combination againſt him: his greateſt benefactor, as hurting him moſt, is the chief object of his animoſity: and though he ſupports all his whimſies by lies and fictions, this is ſo frequent a caſe with wicked men, who are in that middle ſtate between ſober reaſon and total frenzy, that it needs give no ſurprize to any body.

I own that I am much inclined to this latter opinion; though, at the ſame time, I queſtion whether, in any period of his life, Mr. Rouſſeau was ever more in his ſenſes than he is at preſent. The former brilliancy of his genius, and his great talents for writing, are no proof of the contrary. It is an old remark, that great wits are near allied to madneſs; and even in thoſe frantic

letters

letters which he has wrote to me, there are evidently ſtrong traces of his wonted genius and eloquence. He has frequently told me, that he was compoſing his memoirs, in which juſtice ſhould be done to his own character, to that of his friends, and to that of his enemies; and as Mr. Davenport informs me that ſince his retreat into the country, he has been much employed in writing, I have reaſon to conclude that he is at preſent finiſhing that undertaking. Nothing could be more unexpected to me than my paſſing ſo ſuddenly from the claſs of his friends to that of his enemies; but this tranſition being made, I muſt expect to be treated accordingly; and I own that this reflection gave me ſome anxiety *. A work of this nature, both from the celebrity of the perſon, and the ſtrokes of eloquence interſperſed, would certainly attract the attention of the world; and it might be publiſhed either after my death, or after that of the author. In the former caſe, there would be no body who could tell the ſtory, or juſtify my memory. In the latter, my apology, wrote in oppoſition to a dead per-

* In his letter of the 22d of March, he flatters me indirectly with the figure I am to make in his Memoirs; in that of the 23d of June, he threatens me. Theſe are proofs how much he is in earneſt.

ſon,

ſon, would loſe a great deal of its authenticity. For this reaſon, I have at preſent collected the whole ſtory into one Narrative, that I may ſhow it to my friends, and at any time have it in my power to make whatever uſe of it they and I ſhould think proper. I am, and always have been, ſuch a lover of peace, that nothing but neceſſity, or very forcible reaſons, could have obliged me to give it to the public.

Perdidi beneficium. Numquid quæ conſecravimus perdidiſſe nos dicimus? Inter conſecrata beneficium eſt; etiamſi male reſpondit, benè collocatum. Non eſt ille qualem ſperavimus; ſimus nos quales fuimus, ei diſſimiles.

Seneca de beneficiis, lib. vii. cap. 19.

DECLARATION of Mr. D'ALEMBERT, relating to Mr. Walpole's Letter.

Addreſſed to the French Editors.

IT is with the greateſt ſurprize I learn, from Mr. Hume, that Mr. Rouſſeau accuſes me of being the author of the ironical letter addreſſed to him, in the public papers, under the name of the King of Pruſſia. Every body knows, both at Paris and London, that ſuch letter was written by Mr. Walpole; nor does he diſown it. He acknowleges only that he was a little aſſiſted in regard to the ſtile, by a perſon he does not name, and whom perhaps he ought to name. As to my part, on whom the public ſuſpicions have fallen in this affair, I am not at all acquainted with Mr. Walpole: I don't even believe I ever ſpoke to him; having only happened to meet once occaſionally on a viſit.—I have not only had not the leaſt to do, either directly or indirectly, with the letter in queſtion, but could mention above an hundred perſons, among the friends as well as enemies of Mr. Rouſſeau, who have heard me greatly diſapprove of it; becauſe, as I ſaid, we ought not to ridicule the unfortunate, eſpecially when they do us no harm.

harm. Beſides, my reſpect for the King of Pruſſia, and the acknowledgments I owe him, might, I ſhould have thought, have perſuaded Mr. Rouſſeau, that I ſhould not have taken ſuch a liberty with the name of that prince, even tho' in pleaſantry.

To this I ſhall add, that I never was an enemy to Mr. Rouſſeau, either open or ſecret, as he pretends; and I defy him to produce the leaſt proof of my having endeavoured to injure him in any ſhape whatever. I can prove to the contrary, by the moſt reſpectable witneſſes, that I have always endeavoured to oblige him, whenever it lay in my power.

As to my pretended *ſecret correſpondence* with Mr. Hume, it is very certain, that we did not begin to write to each other till about five or ſix months after his departure, on occaſion of the quarrel ariſen between him and Mr. Rouſſeau, and into which the latter thought proper unneceſſarily to introduce me.

I thought this declaration neceſſary, for my own ſake, as well as for the ſake of truth, and in regard to the ſituation of Mr. Rouſſeau: I ſincerely lament his having ſo little confidence in the probity of mankind, and particularly in that of Mr. Hume.

D'ALEMBERT.

THE END.

ERRATUM.

The following Note should have been inserted in page 44, line 6, after the words, *I am instantly spoken of in print, in a very equivocal or sughting manner* *.

* So then, I find I am to answer for every article of every Magazine and News-paper printed in England. I assure Mr. Rousseau, I would rather answer for every robbery committed on the high-way; and I am entirely as innocent of the one as the other.

Mr. Hume.